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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him. All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENŒUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.]

Events of the Week.

If the report that the King has consented to open the Belfast Parliament is true, it means, we are afraid, that the Monarchy, which hitherto has only been formally identified with the policy of partition and the administrative terror, will now be personally associated with them. If so, the King has been badly advised. The act was not necessary in itself, and, save in one contingency, it may produce the worst effect in Ireland. That is that the King's visit should be made the occasion of a formal offer by him of a general Irish peace.

THERE are two possible explanations of M. Briand's irritating tactics over Upper Silesia. He insists on waiting for further reports by experts, who are to spend ten days in gathering information which was, or ought to have been, before the Peace Conference two years ago. Only after this delay is the Supreme Council to His idea may be to allow the fait accompli created by the Poles to become still more rigid and difficult to reverse. Or perhaps he is waiting for French opinion to cool. That is possible, in view of his remarkable speech to the Senate on the Ruhr this week. He said, what he had not ventured even to hint to the Chamber, that the seizure of its mines was a mere mirage. France lacked the experts to work them, and would derive little or no positive advantage from an occupation; while, if she did manage to work the mines, she would rupture the Entente by ruining British industry. Meanwhile, however, the French have rejected the wise British proposal to allow German and Polish regulars to occupy the districts which will certainly go to Germany and Poland, in order to allow the Allied forces to concentrate in the disputed central area, and to disarm the insurgents who now occupy it. There is some risk of the British troops now on the spot being drawn into conflict with the Poles, in which case British and French forces might be opposed to each other. In two years the Treaty of Versailles has led us to that.

THE apparently insoluble problem of disarming the Bavarian Einwohnerwehr looks more hopeless than ever. The Bavarian Premier von Kahr has again issued a public refusal, which he expects the Berlin Government to transmit to the Allies. His reason is the usual one-fear of Communism-and he tells the Allies that they are trying to pull down the props which support the German workshop that is to earn the reparations. It seems that with their memories of the Communist régime in Munich, the Bavarian farmers who constitute the civil guard (for it is only an unprofessional home volunteer force) really cannot be induced to disarm. The Bavarian politicians, who live by their votes, dare not overrule them, and Berlin lacks the force to overawe The weak points of the Bavarian case are that the other Southern States have quietly disarmed, and Communism, once so strong in Munich, now seems to be nearly dead. A further reason for Bavaria's stubbornness is that French intrigue has encouraged the separatist tendencies of its reactionaries. The Berlin Cabinet is now completed by the very interesting appointment of Herr von Rathenau as Minister of Reconstruction. Those who know his books, with their rare combination of visionary insight with the great engineer's practical sense, will expect much from the appointment.

THE other day an Irish Judge praised the courage of a woman who gave evidence against the Black-and-Tans. A still more striking testimony to the character of our armed terrorism was given by the Irish Secretary on Captain Wedgwood Benn brought up the Tuesday. recent case in which a Judge Advocate had declared at a court-martial that a prisoner had been ill-treated by members of the police force. Sir Hamar Greenwood had to admit that the Judge Advocate had made this statement, and, in an unhappy moment, he proceeded to expatiate on the Judge Advocate's "courage." So it has come to this, that a Judge Advocate who exposes the misconduct of members of the police force does so at peril to himself. When we have so direct a confession of the character of the police force that the Chief Secretary has imported into Ireland, we can understand why Ministers refuse to introduce discipline. Let us hope that this Judge Advocate is not the only courageous man in the Government's service in Ireland, and that we may one day have Ministers who will not merely praise such courage, but will dare to imitate it.

On Wednesday the Irish Secretary, either under pressure of a debate, opened by General Seely, in which every speaking member condemned the burning of houses as reprisals by the forces of the Crown, or through inability to defend the ferocity of destroying a dwelling in which two dead soldiers of the Great War had been accustomed to shelter, threw up the whole policy of reprisals, saying that he doubted whether they had

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Politics and Affairs.

POLITICS AND REALITY IN SILESIA.

The Upper Silesian conflict has come to a standstill. The shouting and the make-believe is over in the Parliamentary fields of Paris and London. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand have had their say. Nor is there at the moment any heavy fighting between the Polish bands and the local German self-defence corps. But the decision of the Allies is postponed, and that means, like the seizure of the province itself by the Poles, a preliminary success for the Franco-Polish contention. The fait accompli is hardening into a sanctioned reality, and M. Korfanty's rebel Government is steadily digging itself in, and seems to be accepted by the French plébiscite officials as the recognized civil administration and the tolerated military authority.

Whether one looks at this issue in its moral or material aspect, it is, after the fate of the Ruhr, the biggest problem which Europe has got to settle to-day, and perhaps for some years to come. If the Poles gain their cause, in spite of the plébiscite, there is no law left in Europe, not even the sordid legality of the Treaty of Versailles. Their victory would proclaim the triumph of the new militarism of the victors, and one of its consequences would be the end of our Entente with France. The breach of faith would have its instant reflection in the moral temper of Germany, which would quite reasonably argue that treaties are valid and binding only when both sides observe them. In the early days after the catastrophe the mood of the more intelligent Germans was one of self-blame, almost of self-flagellation. As the Allies showed themselves hard, grasping, and self-seeking, a reaction set in. "Certainly we were guilty," the argument now runs, " but the Allies share our guilt. Can you ignore the Russian general mobilization, and the known militancy of M. Poincaré? To be sure, we were the first to violate Belgium, but would the French have hesitated to do the same, if we had delayed? They have broken the Treaty of Peace by their various sanctions. That shows what sanctity a 'scrap of paper' has for them." It is not a wholesome line of argument, for it makes for general cynicism. One can foresee the form which it will assume if the Germans can fairly say that the spirit of the Treaty has been broken and equity violated in the matter of Silesia.

The Upper Silesian question is essentially one of detail. The solution, we fear, will be a compromise, but any judgment of its probable effects will depend on minute topographical and economic knowledge. Let us first consider the plebiscite itself. Everyone knows that the vote went 61 per cent. to Germany and 39 per cent. to Poland. Few know, however, that the area for the vote had first of all been manipulated. It was not the whole province of Upper Silesia, as a historical and administrative unit, which voted. The Allies, first of all, excluded from it a big district to the west, which is so solidly German that no one could be in doubt as to its preferences. The equally decided Polish districts were not excluded. The intention may have been good, but the effect was rather like "gerrymandering." Had the whole province voted, the German total (707,554) would have been increased by something over 100,000. Next, there were two peculiarities about the vote as it was taken. Residence as a qualification was reckoned only if it began before 1904, and in this way great numbers of the inhabitants were excluded, who had settled in the province as its industries expanded rapidly in the decade

before the war. On this score the Germans reckon that they lost about 70,000 votes, and the Poles practically none at all. On the other hand, the Germans gained by the admission of the so-called "emigrant" voters, born in the area, but now resident elsewhere. Most of them voted German, though many, like the miners from the Ruhr, are of Polish race. The principle of allowing these emigrants to vote seems to us doubtful, though it was adopted in the other plébiscites, and the French, whenever they discussed a possible vote in Alsace, used to insist not only that emigrants, but even the children of emigrants should vote. Had all the residents of the whole province voted, the German majority would have been over 75 per cent. But even that figure is too low, for there is no doubt that Polish terrorism raged in the country districts, where the Poles predominated and no foreign troops were present, whereas in the German towns, where there was a stiff propaganda, the French saw to it that the Polish minority had at least fair play.

Geographically the voting area falls into three There is no doubt about the overwhelming Germanism of the Western and Northern districts, including the whole left bank of the Oder. The Polish complexion of two big, but relatively sparsely peopled, South-Eastern districts (Pless and Rybnik) is also clear. So far as the mere cutting-up of the map goes, there is no difficulty, for the decidedly German districts adjoin Germany, and decidedly Polish districts touch Poland. The difficulty comes in the central industrial area. As a whole it shows a German majority, though not a large In one of its districts, in its very heart, Gross Strehlitz, the Poles have a bare majority (23,023 to 22,390), but this is a Polish island, which will certainly have to go to Germany. On the other hand, in the Eastern border district of Tarnowitz the Poles have a good majority (27,507 to 17,076). On a purely political reading of the result, then, Rybnik, Pless, and part or all of Tarnowitz would fall to Poland.

But is the province divisible at all, or, to speak precisely, can it be divided without economic ruin? It is a well-knit unit. Its heavy transport is based on the Oder, with its tributaries, which, of course, flow into Germany. If the Poles had their way, this water road would be closed. Again, the fine network of railways links up with the German system. The connections with Poland are few and inconvenient. But that is only the beginning of the difficulty of partition. Two electric power stations in the central mining area supply the entire province, and on them, of course, the three Then there are central Polish districts also depend. pumping stations, indispensable to the mines. Rybnik, decidedly Polish, draws water and electricity both from the certainly German region. before us a set of admirable maps which Mr. Sidney Osborne, an American engineer, has compiled,* as an invaluable aid to a fair and informative book. more one pores over them, with their elaborate nervesystem of railways, electric, and water supply, the more does one shudder at the thought of the havoc which politicians, bartering across a table, may play with the prosperity of this region. If anything like the Franco-Polish thesis (which claims the entire industrial area) were adopted, less harm, economically, might be done than by a fair political partition. To be sure, Polish light-mindedness, disorganization, and intolerance would work ruin. The German capitalists, engineers, and skilled workmen would soon be frozen out. Markets would be lost. Supplies of machinery and raw material would be obtained with difficulty. The Polish exchange (nearly 4,000 marks to the pound) would alone work

[&]quot;The Problem of Upper Silesia," (Allen & Unwin.)

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untold mischief. But at least the railways, power stations, and pumps would be taken over with the mines.

The fairer Anglo-Italian proposal would mean, one fears, the ruin of that part which went to Poland, and the decline of the rest. Rybnik, for example, supplies most of the coke to the steel industry of the centre, besides drawing its water and electricity from it. No one who knows the Poles will suggest that they are capable of building, even slowly, a substitute system of rails, water supply, and electric power. A reasonable man will suggest that, after all, exchange is still possible, even if you do draw a frontier across the water pipes and electric cables. Rybnik could afford to pay in coke for its German water and electricity. But again the peculiar mentality of the Poles comes into play. If they are busy persecuting the German minority of Rybnik, such bargains are hard to strike and difficult to carry out. Tariffs have a way of blocking even familiar roads, and a bad exchange is worse than most tariffs as an obstacle to trade.

None the less we will not overstate the case. Let us admit that without these Polish districts, Upper Silesia can live, though it will suffer heavily. The trouble is that Rybnik and Pless are only in the infancy of their development. They supply about 20 per cent. of the present coal output, but they contain about 80 per cent. of the undeveloped coal. Under the Poles, it is easy to predict, that wealth will lie unused. The increase which Central Europe so urgently needs will not be attained, and, twenty years hence, the retention by Poland of resources which she cannot exploit will make a thorny political problem. It is, in any event, clear to us that if this wealth of the soil is withdrawn from Germany's assets, a corresponding deduction ought to be made in the total of the indemnity.

Politics cannot be ignored, however, and we suppose that, though the disastrous results are plain, Pless and Rybnik will go to Poland. That is democratically One witnesses such democratic verdicts with no warm applause, for one cannot forget the gross partiality which has already given three million Germans to Tchecho-Slovakia, and a million to the Poles. In balancing the inevitable sacrifice of minorities our gaze should not be fixed solely on Silesia. We shall regret this concession, but if the process of bargaining goes still further, if in the "give and take" of the round table part of the central industrial district is also sacrificed (Kattowitz, for example), then this plébiscite and its sequel will go down to history as the most wanton of the many cases in which the Allies have made economic havoc for a political or strategic end.

MR. GEORGE'S NEW MORAL WORLD.

An acute Russian observer was once discussing the relations of the Tsar to the first Duma. He held that the Tsar had formed a very exaggerated notion of the strength of the Revolutionary movement in Russia, and that he agreed to set up the first Duma under this false impression. Afterwards he saw his mistake, and prepared to take back everything he had given, because he believed that he could do so without danger.

Something like this has happened to the Government during the last two and a-half years. When the war came to an end there were two unknown quantities in the forces with which politicians had to count: the idealist spirit, of which the League of Nations became the symbol, and the democratic spirit, which expressed itself in the new demands of the Trade Unions. Nobody

cared to prophesy too precisely, but two phrases were common in people's mouths: the first that the new world would demand a new system of justice and peace, and the second that the workers would insist on a different life from the life that had been their lot before the war. Ministers recognized the existence of these forces, and even prepared to make concessions to them. They talked of nationalizing the railways. They set up the Sankey Commission. They treated the International Labor Conference as if they considered it a serious undertaking. They even paid lip service to the League of Nations.

During the last two years, the Prime Minister, like the Tsar, has been realizing that he had overrated the power of moral forces. He came to the conclusion, as he watched the world around him with his sharp five senses, that the bark of this new world was much worse than its bite, and that it was the kind of bark that would die down as time went on. And so, like the Tsar, he has been taking back steadily everything that he had given or promised. The Government's cynical conduct in the matter of the International Labor Conference is a particularly striking illustration. Under the Peace Treaty "each of the high contracting parties undertook to bring the draft conventions before the authority or authorities within whose competence the matter lies, for the enactment of legislative or other action." There is no ambiguity about Clause 405, which Mr. Barnes read to the House of Commons last week. The meaning of these words is made perfectly plain by a document issued by the British Government in March, 1919, at the time, that is, when Mr. Lloyd George still believed that there was a formidable body of opinion demanding reform: "The Conference was not simply an assembly for the purpose of passing resolutions, but would draw up draft conventions which the States would have to present to their legislative authorities." Mr. Barnes went to Washington as the representative of the Government, and took part in passing certain conventions, after getting instructions from his Government. He now finds that Ministers treat these conventions as if they were pious resolutions passed by some obscure body of which they had never heard. And when Mr. Barnes raises the matter in the House, the Attorney-General has the impudence to pretend that all that is meant by the clause in the Treaty of Peace is that Ministers should bring the draft conventions before their own notice. This is the Government's idea of democracy. A story was told in the early days of the Insurance Act, that a certain distinguished member of the Treasury, who was an Insurance Commissioner, used to sit in one chair and make a proposal on behalf of the Insurance Commissioners, and then cross to another chair and veto it in the name of the Treasury. Presumably, Sir Gordon Hewart sits in one chair to bring the draft conventions before his own notice, and in another to decide that no action shall be

Mr. George's treatment of the mines questions is not less significant. There was a time when, on intervening in industrial disputes, he seemed to be chiefly concerned for a settlement. As time has gone on he has revised his first view of the political power of the Labor movement, and he has decided that his political position will be strengthened by his becoming the champion of property. With the change in his policy and outlook, as seen in his throwing over of the Land Taxes and his industrial reforms, there has come a change in his handling of industrial disputes. He has all his old skill, but it is employed quite frankly to put the workers in the wrong. Each industrial crisis in turn is treated as the opportunity for a victory which

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The Prime Minister reminds will count at the polls. one of the story of Vespasian, who was asked by two men suffering from diseases to cure them by his touch. Vespasian thought it a risky experiment, but when he consulted his doctors they advised him to comply. "If they are cured you will get the glory: if you fail the derision will fall on the victims." Mr. Lloyd George seems to handle industrial disputes in this kind of temper. It is impossible to believe that any Minister who wanted to bring about a lasting settlement of the coal dispute would have acted as our Ministers have acted during the last two months. They decontrolled the industry at the moment when decontrol was most certain to bring confusion and difficulty; they held their hands while a new scale of wages was proposed, which anybody could have told them the miners would not accept; they watched, contentedly, the lock-out of the miners, including the safety men; when the miners proposed an alternative to the owners' reductions, an alternative that secured the support of a number of specialists and economists, they treated it as if it had something criminal in its character; in their final proposals last week they rule out everything that the men have asked for. The owners' veto is absolute, and the industry is treated as if the miners had no share in its fortunes or no interest in its efficient organization. And the Prime Minister, who has watched the slow paralysis of industry during these two months, confessed last week that he did not understand what the owners meant by their offer to forgo profits for a definite period. He had apparently never taken the trouble to find out the meaning of a proposal which he thought the miners should have accepted. Look at the characteristic confusion that has arisen over the question of compulsory arbitration. The Prime Minister accuses the Miners' Executive of misrepresenting his speech, but the general impression that this was what the Government meant was based on the Government's official statement. Why did the Prime Minister leave this impression uncorrected for three solid days? Why, even now, are his sketch of terms and the official report of his speech unintelligible, save as describing a scheme of compulsory arbitration? Is that plain and straight-forward dealing?

It is quite clear that a Minister who wanted to be impartial would not propose arbitration on certain questions and leave out other questions that were vitally associated with the dispute, just because one side dislikes them. Mr. Lloyd George wants his arbitrator to find out what wage the industry will bear, and what is a subsistence wage for the lowest class of worker. What if there are cases where the industry cannot bear a subsistence wage? Are such mines to be closed in spite of the fact that they might be made to bear a subsistence wage if they were improved, or if commercial conditions improved? To ask this question alone shows how impossible it is to exclude from discussion proposals either for a pool or for some form of reorganization. We have reason for believing that peace would have been made weeks ago if the Government had accepted the proposal for a uniform reduction of 2s. as an immediate settlement, and the setting up of a Commission to work out a plan for reorganization as a permanent settlement. But there was one obstacle to this proposal. Mr. Lloyd George, who was so passionate four years ago about the new world, is blindly now attached to the old; not an old world in which men and women, but an old world in which property, had all the power. This is what he means by "getting back to economic conditions."

THE NEW ALSACE-LORRAINE.

III.*

In the assimilation of Alsace-Lorraine the language question is not one which banks large. What the native Alsatian speaks in his home and with his friends is a Germanic dialect so different from Hoch-Deutsch that a German often finds great difficulty in understanding it. Many Alsatians, and a majority of Lorrainers, to-day speak French as easily as they speak pure German, and in general it may be said that an Alsatian school-child learns one language as readily as the other. As a teacher at Griesbach (Bas Rhin) recently pointed out, the little Alsatian who, in his own dialect, says, s'Veilattel schmeckt guat, will as easily translate this into the French la violette sent bon as into the German das Veilchen riecht gut. Nor, in striking opposition to recent German policy, is the German language prohibited in the schools, any more than are local papers in the German language, or even German papers (except in special cases), prohibited. All that is required is that French shall be the first language studied. Already a majority of the townsfolk are adequately conversant with French, and the aptitude of children for the tongue is surprising. One need not be bold to predict that another five years under present conditions will see the language problem eliminated in the provinces, for the French have no more objection to local dialect continuing there than in Brittany or the Basque country. Indeed, all local customs and individualities in Alsace-Lorraine the French Government is far more anxious to retain than to suppress, always supposing that they are not of a distinctly separatist character.

Another important factor is that of reconstruction. There is a good deal of war wreckage in Upper Alsace, and several considerable towns, like Munster, were left with hardly a house intact at the end of the war. Here, as everywhere in the devastated regions, the French have made heroic efforts to rebuild. The little town of Stosswihr, in the Munsterthal, on the Alsatian side of the Vosges, may be taken as an example. For seven months the French held this town, when most of it was retaken by the Germans and kept until the Armistice. In November, 1918, there was not a building left standing, but now scores of neat, substantial cottages have risen to form a new Stosswihr amid the rubble of the old. But in this town the difficulties as well as the energy of French reconstruction are exemplified. Banking on German financial reparation, the Government at first extended substantial credits and assistance in rebuilding to this and other localities. The busy note of saw and hammer has ceased in Stosswihr and many other towns. Houses which have been started and, in some cases, nearly finished are becoming weather-worn before occupation. New and modern factories are waiting to have their roofs completed and machinery installed. The inhabitants, who after four terrible years saw industry at last returning, are experiencing the most cruel disappointment of stagnation on the verge of prosperity. They do not blame Germany. They do not blame France, whose generosity and good intentions are patent to all. The country that is blamed for what the inhabitants hold to be a failure " to finish the job " is the United States. And it is no use telling these Alsatians that America had nothing to do with the destruction of their homes, and has already spent its share of blood and treasure in the Allied cause. Just a few million francs in credits," they repeat. "Why, everyone said America would lend it to us."

[•] Part I. appeared on May 7th, and Part II. on May 21st.

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Beside an idle bit of reconstruction near Stosswihr is a big sign bearing the words, "Fondations, Constructions, Travaux Publics.—Paris, Colmar, New York." It was pointed out to me by an unemployed and bitter citizen. "Paris and Colmar have done their share," he said. "We are still waiting for New York."

A factor which causes considerable annoyance to the French, and some satisfaction to the pro-German elements in Alsace-Lorraine, is the agitation for forming the provinces into an independent Republic. This has been largely the work of three men of prominent Alsatian origin—Baron César Ley, Dr. Muth, and Count Rapp, the last-named being valuable to the movement chiefly because he traces a family connection with Napoleon's Alsatian Marshal of that name.

Ley, who styles himself "President of the Executive Council of the Independent Republic of Alsace-Lorraine," maintains headquarters on German territory at Baden-Baden, some thirty miles from Strasbourg. No opportunity is lost to spread independence propaganda in the "liberated provinces." Funds have been acquired in sympathetic circles abroad, particularly Argentine and the United States, and the movement, though not at the moment in the public eye, is by no means dead. During 1919 and 1920 demonstrations on behalf of this additional Republic, particularly by groups of students at the University of Strasbourg, caused the French some anxiety and resulted in a number of short imprisonments. That the movement is not treated lightly by French authority may be gathered from these words of a Government official in Strasbourg: "There are many discontented here, and the revival of trade and direct intercourse with Germany will probably afford these separatist gentlemen opportunity for increasing their efforts. We must constantly be on guard against them.'

Nevertheless, the theory of an independent Republic of Alsace-Lorraine does not seem to have any marked hold on the native population, who, as already observed, are not nationalistic and have little desire to see themselves citizens of a larger Luxembourg. By many the idea is taken as a good joke of German origin, affording an amusing counterpart to the French propaganda for a Rhineland Republic. The French do not see humor in the parallel; it rubs too closely on the hopes of those who want a repetition of Napoleonic expansion. Imperialists, who wish to see Luxembourg annexed, the Saar Valley permanently confiscated,* Belgium reduced to economic and political subserviency, and Germany finally dismembered, find the thought of an independent Alsace-Lorraine extremely offensive. To them the reabsorption of these provinces is but an initial step. That not even that first step should be taken without dispute is very irritating.

But so far as the eventual absorption of Alsace-Lorraine is concerned France would seem to have little cause for serious worry. That the French themselves now admit the existence and force of the malaise alsacienlorrain is probably the beginning of its permanent cure. Discontent has been aggravated by the harshness of the deportations; it feeds upon the disorganization which has inevitably accompanied the war and the change of ownership. There is much feeling over conscription, and the French, having told the youth of Alsace and Lorraine that they are now freed from militarism, find it hard to explain why they should be drafted off while Germany is free from compulsory service. There is discontent among the Catholics, who are in great majority, because the German method of enforcing religious instruction in the schools is not now so rigorously maintained. There are the other irritations already outlined; and there is a natural sympathy with Germany among a people who are, when all is said and done, more Germanic than French in appearance, habits, and mode of thought. Notwithstanding past celebrations, no one who goes to Alsace-Lorraine to-day will hear the native inhabitants rejoicing over their "liberation from the German yoke."

But while there is still a grave amount of discontent, there is now little or no active opposition to French rule. Alsatians and Lorrainers are apathetic about their political destiny. They have been French before, and liked it. They are settling down to be French again. None of their grievances are such as will survive enlightened administration, and progress already made shows that there are no insurmountable obstacles to the full consolidation of the provinces in the French Republic.

FELIX MORIEY.

A London Biary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

IF, as Rumor rather loudly says, there is to be a change in the control of the "Times," and Lord Northcliffe's dictatorship gives place to a more distributed sovereignty, with the Walter family again at its head, and Sir John Ellerman's millions behind it, I cannot think it will be for the good. It is a theme of comedy that I should come to say so, but who wants a Georgian "Times," or even an abandonment of the wavering and inconsequent but instructive and useful liberalism which took one back to the "Times" of the 'sixties and the 'seventies, linked with an application of some force and imagination to the problems of to-day? That way at least Lord Northcliffe's later pilgrimage has led him, and it would be a calamity if our Tannhäuser were to stop in mid passage. One or two things might happen to such a "Times" as is now said to be in preparation; none of them good. It might grow Tory and drab. It might decline to the unnoticeable level of the "Chronicle" and the "Pall Mall." Or (as gossip has it) it might be academized by Mr. Philip Kerr. One can imagine such issues; and see in all of them a check to the much-needed reform of our politics. The "Times" may have stumbled in its tracks; but 'twas an onward movement. Now for the moment it has come to a halt. But a downright reaction to Lloyd Georgism, at the moment when it was visibly losing hold on the mind and conscience of the nation, would be a tragic end to the vacillations of the

What is the state of politics, so far as, here and there, one gathers it in glimpses of the confused, superficial world of electioneering? I had one such glimpse from two able and experienced candidates, both Liberals, who had recently tested it. Their quite independent accounts were consistent with each other, and yet were not easy to read. Both concentrated on the women's vote. It puzzled them. On the surface it was indifferent. Few of the women read a daily newspaper, many had never travelled outside the constituency. The very name politics either bored or irritated them. They were vaguely angry with Labor over strikes. But they also freely declared that they wanted (say) five shillings more wages for their husbands, i.e., for the home, in which nineteen-twentieths of their lives were spent. there was one mental stimulus to which they at once responded, and that was the idea of peace -- no more wars,

[•] In the official bulletin of the French Commissariat générale at Strasbourg, issue of April 2nd, it is interesting to find a distinction drawn between "Allemande" and "Sarroise."

no more soldiers, no more armaments. "I talk pure pacifism and every one is interested," said one of the explorers. Going a little higher up in the scale of living and thinking, the other had hit upon an organized "League of Nations vote," to be given irrespective of the old political distinctions. This, he thought, was a new and rapidly growing factor in the slow revival of idealist politics. It had been greatly aided by the Church of England, which, he thought, was becoming a politico-religious power of no small consequence. These are the impressions.

I THOUGHT last week that the Irish sky had cleared a little; but the clouds have returned in masses. It is clear, I think, that after a struggle conducted, it is said, by some Liberal Ministers (not-need I say?including Mr. Fisher), the Government have taken the plunge into a new and deliberately extended policy of coercion. The Terror and the Partition Act have both failed, and there is no idea of Dominion Home Rule or of any amelioration of the existing system, beyond a slight relaxation of the Irish tribute, and an equally unimportant stiffening of Blackand-Tan discipline. Nothing therefore remains but Crown Colony government, nominally by the Privy Council, really by the soldiers. The form of this anti-Irish government will be slightly changed; in effect it will mean the South African policy of drives and concentration camps (fixed to triumph in six weeks) which an earlier Lloyd George held up to execration. would think that this last phase would certainly land him in trouble with the Colonies, notably with South Africa, and that it would ruffle even the well-groomed cynicism of his friends. But this, I am afraid, is the almost incredible truth; save that through the light soil of Mr. George's mind so many opposite notions filter, or are momentarily retained, that one can never say for certain what the final deposit may be.

To a hard, unstatesmanlike England, a desperate Ireland, bent on wounding herself. The lovely Custom House in Dublin (the airy dome was to my mind the most beautiful example of this form of architecture in the world) was the glory of Ireland, and part of the seed of her freedom. It was hers once, and is bound to be hers again. For the sake of a few Government documents this exquisite thing is given to destruction, and Sinn Fein Dublin condemned to a fine of hundreds of thousands of pounds to replace it. Why should the Irish Cassandra pause till she has laid low every Irish city that the Blackand-Tans have spared, and universal darkness buries the land? The English friend of Ireland cannot stay this infernal logic; he can only ask himself what corrective and sanative power the best Irish leadership can provide. After all, Sinn Fein did not start from the gunmen, but from Pearse and McDonagh; it was an intellectual thing. It will be said that when England slew these men she made room for the raiders of the Custom House. Yes; but, as we all know, they have successors; and one hoped that they would this week have given a sign.

MR. GARDINER writes me as follows on the question of "C.-B.'s" decision to lead the House of Commons as Prime Minister of the Government of 1905:—

"On the question raised by 'Wayfarer' as to the dominating factor in Campbell-Bannerman's decision, in December, 1905, to remain in the House of Commons, may I offer a small piece of evidence which goes to show that the decision was C.-B.'s own? On the 6th of that month, in the midst of the struggle to dismiss him to the

House of Lords, a leader appeared in the 'Times' suggesting that he would accept a peerage. In the evening I was rung up by one of C.-B.'s most loyal colleagues, who hinted that in dealing with the subject in the 'Daily News' that night, it might be wise to leave room for the possibility of what the 'Times' suggested actually taking place. I asked whether that meant that C.-B. was yielding. The reply was equivocal. Even from so friendly a source I was indisposed to accept the invitation to assist the intrigue without learning C.-B.'s actual state of mind. I therefore sent a letter to him by hand, asking him for his view of the 'Times' suggestion. He had just gone to bed when the messenger arrived at Belgrave Square, but he got up and wrote me the following note (the italics are his own):—

' 29, Belgrave Square, S.W. ' 6 Dec., '05.

Secret.

'Dear Mr. Gardiner,—There has been no such decision taken in any degree. Point out the arguments against, but leave it to the discretion of the P.M.—Yours,

'H C.R'

"With that very clear hint of his own frame of mind, I had no hesitation in disregarding the appeal to the contrary made to me over the telephone. At this time Lady Campbell-Bannerman had not returned to London, and the note, I think, makes it clear that C.-B. had arrived at his practically final decision alone. Few men I have known needed less help in making up their mind on fundamental things than he did."

TILL individual Ministers begin actually to part company with the Government, as certain unattached Coalitionists have already begun to hive off from the Coalition, I continue to slight the rumors which point to an imminent break-up of the Chamberlain-George combination. As the Prime Minister has obligingly explained, there is no difference in principle between himself and his colleagues, meaning, I suppose, that if all did not think alike on some questions originally, it is now and henceforth their fixed resolve to do so on every other question. But though "differences in principle" may be a phrase without meaning to those adaptable politicians, it cannot be denied that differences of another kind have been agitating their counsels of late differences so acute and vehement as to penetrate to the outer world. I note in particular one unfailing symptom in a revival within the last few days of the periodically recurring whisper that the head of the Government is not so far apart in sympathy from the Opposition as might be imagined. In other words, the tabernacle is troubled. For the moment it is merely some passing domestic strain, possibly concerned with a point of tactics and almost certainly on a matter on which the decision, instead of being left to wizardry, has been settled by an appeal to mere numbers.

THERE are misfortunes which one bears because they tend to grow less grievous with time; but what of a trouble that announces in a speaking message that it is going to be much worse? That, I am afraid, is the "mene mene" of the first Test Match. It was obvious to those who read between the lines of the rather humbugging messages from Australia that we were not likely to beat Armstrong and his men. Now that we have measured the advantage we take from playing on our home grounds, that seems less likely than ever. Hobbs's presence will, of course, make a difference, for (like all great batsmen of his class—the Ranji-Trumper class) he is a master of the art of playing the best kind of fast

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bowling. But, as we realized in the case of Spofforth, the art is not learned all at once; and so far as the mass of our cricketers goes, it has got to be learned all over again. And there is no one to learn it from. There is no Richardson, and no Lockwood, both in their day perfect types of the fast bowler. Also there is not a true organization of cricket, and will not be so long as our island snobbishness divides its artists into "gentlemen" and "players." I suppose most cricketers would agree that Rhodes would have been a fitter captain of an All-England Eleven than Douglas. But then English gentlemen must not be expected to serve under a professional cricketer-must not even be supposed to mix with him on equal terms behind the scenes. So long as this vulgar inequality prevails, the perfect team work of the Australians must wear down an English Eleven of merely average goodness.

THE disclosure in "John Bull " adds to one's uneasiness about the Wakeford case. It will be remembered that the Lord Chancellor put one weak point in the defendant's plea very high indeed-too high, as it seemed to me. This was Mr. Wakeford's failure to produce the "girl in the Cathedral." The Lord Chancellor seemed to think this almost fatal. How, on the theory that the Archdeacon was innocent, could this girl be so "callous" as to refuse to come forward and clear him? It did not seem to me that this was an absolutely vital matter, there being no suggestion of identity between this person and the alleged "woman in the case." But it was obviously important as a test of the Archdeacon's truthfulness and as a guide to his movements. Now, according to "John Bull," this lady has appeared, in the shape of a young married woman, named Hansen; has, with her husband, identified the Archdeacon, and been identified by him. and has explained her failure to appear on the ground that her husband being then in business difficulties, she did not want her place of residence to be known. Of course, it is impossible to measure a statement of this kind. But it happens to be extremely relevant to the contention of the Lord Chancellor. If Mrs. Hansen has told the truth, a circumstance which he turned into a main pivot of his elaborate argument now appears in an entirely different light. That is a very unpleasant and jarring fact.

George Washington, the Englishman? I remember that in his "Short History of England," Mr. Chesterton describes the American Revolution as a revolt led by an English country gentleman against a German king. But, so far as I know, the ceremony last Monday in the crypt of St. Paul's was the first occasion on which Washington has been authoritatively called "an Englishman by birth." This phrase was used by President Harding in the letter read before the unveiling of the bust, while the American Ambassador referred to America as George Washington's "new country." This for the greatest of Virginians! Mr. Harvey must watch out. The Senators and editors in America who have been urging his recall on account of the speech to the Pilgrims will be a good deal hotter on his trail after reading his fearful reflection on the Father of his Country.

The following Spoonerism (or something like it) was the crowning feature of a recent (provincial) performance of "Blanco Posnet." The speaker was supposed to be the lady who saves Blanco's life by reciting the true story of the lost horse. This was how she did it: "There was I, with the dead horse in my lap, and my child grazing quietly by the roadside."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

NEW HORIZONS.

What is the quality which gives to some human beings the rare gift of seeing in human affairs a new horizon? What is its value? These are questions over which one is impelled to meditate by the title and the matter of a posthumous book of essays and papers by Mrs. Havelock Ellis.* Mrs. Ellis was pre-eminently an idealist, as her pages show, and one's first instinct is to confound this power of seeing beyond the narrow circle of the present and the past with the idealist's vision. The explanation is too obvious to be true. When that old ape, our great ancestor-blessed be his memory-clambered down from the tree tops in the primeval forest, abandoned the life where they "laughed and chattered in the flowers," gave up his diet of nuts and fruit, and took to hunting in the wolf-ape pack over the open plain, he, too, saw with his quick eyes and his dim brain a new horizon. But he was scarcely an idealist; he was taking the most momentous step ever taken by a bewildered inhabitant of this contemptible planet; he was creating out of a chimpanzee Shakespeare and Mozart and Ludendorff and Mr. Bottomley; but he was moved by no vision, and the tremendous are of a new horizon opened before his eyes, not under the impulse of any idealism, but-so the scientists now tell us-because there came upon him a sudden distaste for nuts and fruit and a sudden passion for raw meat.

The ape, of course, had something of a vision; he was a "great ape," the first of a long line of famous and nameless "great men" who suddenly broke away from custom and convention to envisage a new diet, a new morality, or a new song. But he was not an idealist, he was a most practical ape, a hard-headed, materialist ape. The same may be said of many of his most distinguished children. There are Moses, and Muhammad, and Luther, and Karl Marx, and Voltaire, and Darwin; they all of them opened new horizons, but not one of them can properly be called an idealist or a dreamer of dreams. In the last word of the last sentence we have, perhaps, hit upon one at least of the keys to this problem of human progress. There are many people who believe the Irish poet when he said:—

"... We are the dreamers of dreams, Wandering by lone sea-breakers, And sitting by desolate streams; World-losers and world-forsakers, On whom the pale moon gleams: Yet we are the movers and shakers Of the world for ever, it seems."

The whole of history is a refutation of this claim. Muhammad and Confucius and Voltaire and Marx were world-movers and world-shakers, but they were no dreamers of dreams; Christ moved and shook the world, but essentially he was no dreamer of dreams. Nothing could be more unlike the stuff that dreams are made of than the firm, clear-cut thoughts and phrases of the Sermon on the Mount. On the other hand, the dreamers and the Utopians, the Isaiahs, Plotinuses, Jacob Boehmes, and all the music-makers who have been world-forsakers, have never opened a new horizon to the eyes of their fellow men.

To see and to show a new horizon in human affairs is not possible if your eyes are fixed upon the stars or the clouds; your eyes, which must be very clear, must be fixed with abominable concentration upon the earth. Probably the place where heaven and earth meet should

^{• &}quot;The New Horizon in Love and Life." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Black, 10s. 6d. net.)

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normally be looked for at a level slightly above the ordinary man's nose; it is only when we are ripe for the grave that they meet above our heads. Consider, for instance, the question with which the greater part of Mrs. Ellis's book is occupied, the question of sex and sex relationships. Civilized man has nowhere in his life built up a greater monument of cruelty and stupidity than in the monstrous heap of convention and law with which he has overlaid his own sexual instincts. If any reader is inclined to think this statement exaggerated, it is not necessary to ask him to spend a morning in the Divorce Court or to watch the traffic in Leicester Square; let him merely think of the married lives of five of his acquaintances, or read the last ten novels published, or watch, as he travels home in a suburban train, the panorama of dozens of domestic lives momentarily flashed upon him from the back windows of squalid houses, or, if that does not convince him, let him read the letters from working women which were published in "Maternity." The nineteenth century needed a new horizon in sex, marriage, and love more urgently than in any other sphere of human relationship. The world is undoubtedly getting such a new horizon, and that it is doing so is largely due to people like the late Mrs. Havelock Ellis. The whole of this book shows that she had a new conception or vision of sex relationships, love and marriage, and maternity and paternity. views would have been almost inconceivable before our own age, and though to-day not one in ten thousand would accept them, yet one can see that in part they are penetrating that great leviathan, public opinion, and may one day form the monster's new horizon. Yet as one reads Mrs. Ellis's essays, one can hardly avoid the doubt whether she is really a creator of a new horizon and not merely a passive portion of it. It would be false to say that she was only a dreamer of dreams; she was an eminently practical woman, an idealist who was perpetually facing the difficulty of applying her ideals to Yet, the obstinate and trivial facts of everyday life. with all her merits, though one may assent gratefully to most of what she says, her contribution leaves us with a sense of disappointment. The "evolved human being" and his and her sex relations, upon which she asks us to concentrate our vision, remain a little visionary, and the new horizon, which she herself certainly saw, and which she does open up for others, remains in the end a little vague, misty, blurred. Why is this?

To answer this question would be to answer the two with which we began this article. One point which may help to throw light upon the problem is this. When Mrs. Ellis pleads for a new kind of love and marriage and domestic life, she is asking for a change in human nature. So did Christ and every other reformer in the world's history. And at every stage in human history the world has considered that the reformer could be silenced and dismissed with the retort: "Why, you fool, you are asking for a change in human nature.' world, of course, has always been wrong, and many of the reformers have been right; the old ape who preferred prehistoric rabbits to primeval nuts changed human nature, and it has been repeatedly changed since then by a long line of innovators, reformers, or seers. But though human nature has been changed, and is to-day being changed, for any one to help to change it in any particular direction is a terrific task. It may, of course, be a delusion to think that any man has ever helped consciously to change its direction: the Christs, Buddhas, and Muhammads, the Voltaires and the Marxes, may really have been passive rather than active agents in the evolution of new horizons. Yet all these men appear

to have been active agents, and the effect which they had upon human nature seems to have depended upon the degree in which they possessed a particular quality. The quality consists in a tremendous power of concentrated vision upon the world as it is. It is this concentrated realism of theirs, their "abominable concentration upon the earth," which makes it possible for them, by a phrase, a little story, or a flash of wit, to peel off the coverings of pretence, convention, and law with which we hide our human nature, and to show us in a flash what it is and what it might be. In other words, the world-movers, the moulders of human nature, are the least visionary of men; they show us two horizons, one old and present, the other new and in the future; and each horizon is sharp, absolutely clear, even crude and glaring. These stern realists will not tolerate the misty visions of those "on whom the pale moon gleams."

Mrs. Ellis's new horizon in sex and love is a little vague and misty, and the reason is that, with all her honesty of mind, she had not this power of stripping facts bare of their verbal and conventional coverings. No one will change human nature who does not face fearlessly the facts of human nature. Now all through her book Mrs. Ellis assumes that, if people were only a little more reasonable, a "new horizon in love" would open, because in sexual matters "spirit and body are twins and not, as some would have us believe, antagonists," they "clamor for sustenance so that through their individual and united fulfilment they may bring peace and joy to the whole nature of a man and woman." Facts contradict this assumption. You have only to watch wild animals in a jungle or to listen to the nuptial agony of cats in a back garden, to see that, as soon as you have even a glimmer of mind or soul united with sexual desire, spirit and body are no longer twins, as they are in worms and fishes; they are antagonistic, and that is why even individual and united fulfilment does not necessarily bring peace and joy to the whole nature. No one will help to change human nature in sex relations who does not first strip off all the pretences and coverings which hide this essential fact in existing human nature.

WHY ENGLAND LOST.

The defeat of England in the Test match at Nottingham was so thorough, and presented us with the sight of so many of our best cricketers terribly diminished, that the first impulse of the astonished and mortified onlooker is to emulate the gentleman in Mr. Wells's novel who went to Labrador to think it over. Yet, after all—despite the sheer one-sidedness of the game—it has left one really little to think about; no painful concentration of mind is needed to seek out the explanation of England's overthrow. The 100th Test match was lost simply because Australia has the two finest fast towlers in the world, and because English cricket in these days is not consistently acquainted with fast bowling at all. Our batsmen have forgotten the technique needed to conquer the bowler of great pace.

In the descriptions of the Nottingham Test Match little enough emphasis has been put on the superlative quality of Gregory's bowling on Saturday morning—during the devouring period in which he defeated three English batsmen in five balls. We have been told Gregory bowled well, but not often enough have we been told that he bowled supremely well. Is it that in a mediocre time the aspect of greatness is seen but as an incredible apparition? There was no need on Saturday to recall in detail

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the points of the great bowlers of the past, in order to place Gregory in their galley. There was no need to strain the memory impossibly towards a recollection of Richardson's finest qualities in order to establish Gregory's skill on Saturday, at least, by nice comparison with them. One required just to consider fast bowling ideally. The most perfect fast bowling conceivable could possess no characteristics better than these-pace through the air, faster pace from the turf, an unhittable length, and a vicious breakback. A superman fast bowler could hardly improve on these assets. And on Saturday morning Gregory had these points in his bowling for all to witness who would take the trouble to observe him at work from a position behind the bowler's arm. Neither Richardson nor Lockwood had the power to "go one better" than the ball which sent Hendren's off-stump flying, for the reason that it touched the extremes of deadliness in fast bowling. Late in the day one had an opportunity to put in contrast with a vivid and fresh impression of Australia's fast bowling the work of Howell, who admittedly is England's fastest fast bowler. And after the spectacle of Gregory and Macdonald's pace, Howell was definitely a mediumpaced man, bowling a ball of lead.

Much ungenerous criticism has been directed at Gregory because on Monday he pitched a short length and made the ball rise intimidatingly. On Saturday, when he won the match for Australia, his length was admirable, and hardly ever had in it the menace of physical injury to the batsmen. Surely we must take the advice of Cockane, in Mr. Shaw's play, and be just, and judge Gregory on his best, not his worst, moments.

His action, as he runs to the wicket to bowl, is thrilling and beautiful-it is the run of the demon bowler which every public-school boy dreams about in a bad summer night's sleep. Gregory goes to work with an unbridled movement, the pace of his run gathers with each galloping step, and at the end-just before the arm swings over and unlooses the ball-there is that leap into the air which the great fast bowlers of all time have cultivated. At no point in his bowling action does Gregory suffer the slightest maladjustment of body rhythm-to echo a phrase of George Henry Lewes, the whole man bowls. A current of youth goes through the free, swinging limbs into the ball, and it is the sting of youth that makes the ball's devastating bite from the pitch. In English cricket to-day we have, indeed, few bowlers whose propelling force comes from the energy of muscle and limb working impetuously. Our bowlers have fallen overmuch under the fascination of fingerspin and swerve-fine enough shades, but they are perhaps the characteristics of bowling that is in an ageing decadence, not those of new-born and eager life. Recently an old cricketer put to the writer in a quaint fashion the difference, as he imagined it, between the virile bowlers of his day and the less virile bowlers of "They bowled (pronounced to rhyme with howled') from 'ere''-indicating the muscles of his back. "Now, th' lads bowl from theer! "-indicating the Neither Gregory nor extreme ends of his fingers. Macdonald cultivates niceties of finger-spin and swerve. They bowl with the entire body swinging into the act of propulsion. Both of them make the ball "come back "-that is, break from the offside. But they get their bias, even as Richardson and Lockwood, by a natural and unfettered fling of the upper part of the body to the offside, as the arm comes over, and a strong sweep of the hand across the line of flight at the moment it lets go the ball. This difference in propelling power between the best Australian and English bowling-the

fact that the one carries in it the full force of the body, while the other is too often a product mainly of finger manipulation, the arm doing little more than fix an altitude for flight, the body doing little more than provide a convenient pace for the exploitation of swerve or spin—these differences must be stressed to-day, since in them may rest the clue to Australia's power at the present time to do whatever she likes with English cricket. Here perhaps we may find a convenient explanation of the presence in the Australian XI. of match-winning fast bowlers, and the absence of them in our country just now. The technique of fast bowling, in a word, has been allowed to go idle with us.

Our batsmen can hardly be blamed, then, that they have for the while forgotten the technique needed to stop fast bowling and to score from it. The type of batsmanship is set considerably by the type of bowling most in fashion. At Nottingham the English batsmen failed time after time through playing Gregory much as they would have played a swerving or finger-spin bowler. The notorious "two-eyed" stance was on view for hours at a stretch-back-play was the only wear. Not once did the writer notice a bold forward stroke, with the left leg thrown firmly to the pitch of the ball. Yet surely this was in the main the capital stroke on a good wicket against fast bowlers in the days when W. G. Grace drove them in front of the wicket? On Monday there was the melancholy sight at Trent Bridge of an All-England batsman suffering Armstrong to place a fieldsman at silly mid-off-at the very bat's end. England, on Monday afternoon, batted for four hours and a quarter, and scored a mere 147. There was hardly ever an attempt by an English batsman to drive the fast bowling in front of the wicket-unless it came in a moment of desperation, in the shape of a blind "slog." was no lack of pluck in our cricketers-they simply did not know how to tackle fast bowling of the Macdonald and Gregory order, not having seen the like of it.

But the diagnosis of England's trouble is easy work—who can suggest the specific? How are we to discover the men in English cricket likely to shape decently against Australia's fast bowling, seeing that from our own lack of fast bowling we cannot rightly test a cricketer until Gregory and Macdonald are actually bowling at him? Will it be wisest to persist with the bulk of Monday's Test Match XI.—who, of course, were in Australia last winter—in the hope that sooner or later they will get accustomed to Gregory's abnormal pace? Or will it be wisest to turn to younger cricketers, trusting them to use quicker eyes well, and feeling that even if they, too, are beaten, England is at any rate training a Test Match team for to-morrow in a hard, but superb, school?

Letters to the Editor

A RADICAL REVIVAL.

Sir,—I agree heartily with Mr. Maurice that Mr. Asquith's personality is a great national asset. In character, in matchless lucidity of statement, and in his natural instinct for Parliamentary government, he has qualities it would be criminal folly to leave unused. It is precisely for this reason that I am anxious (in common with many others) to obtain from Mr. Asquith a series of authoritative statements upon the vital industrial issues of the time. One wants clear proof that the general outlook of Liberalism, as modified by the new atmosphere of

industrial relations, has changed for its leaders not less than for the rank and file. I, for one, if I had such assurance, would not feel, as I am now tempted to feel, that we are entering upon an epoch in which the spirit of Liberalism will, to our grave loss, find no place. I need not add that such assurances must apply to national freedom, as in Ireland, and to personal freedom, as with the relentless abuse of the E.P.A.

Mr. Simon's list of Labor's tragedies is, I admit, appalling enough. But Lord Gainford is in a different category because the power he wields is so immense. The reorganization of the coal industry is the basic test of creativeness in the problem of Labor. If Lord Gainford remains at the centre of Liberalism, that can only mean its refusal to learn from the discontent of the past two years. -Yours, &c.,

HAROLD J. LASKI.

London. May 29th, 1921.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

Str.-It is perhaps needless for me to observe that your article entitled " A League of Spirit," in The NATION AND THE ATHENEUM of April 9th, will be read with interest and pleasure by all who feel that the still, small voice murmuring of peace deserves an attentive ear. Nevertheless there are almost certain to be among such readers a few who will dare to wonder whether such an eminently sane man as Lala Lajput Rai is aware of the full extent of the obligation owed to the Government of India by those who are so persistent in condemning either its very existence or merely its methods. For instance, did Rabindranath Tagore forget, when he wrote that Western education made him " feel like a tree not allowed to live its full life," that it is due to Western education that a large number of his fellow countrymen are living at all? I refer, of course, to the work of men like Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Leonard Rogers. It is owing to the peculiarly Occidental type of genius possessed by both these men that the frightful ravages of malaria, cholera, and dysentery are now preventable, and, were this "Western" education, which Messrs. Gandhi and Tagore so detest, a little more widespread in India than is the case, would be prevented to a still greater extent than can be possible under existing conditions. I have no desire to drag a red herring of metaphysics across the trail of my remarks, but when one is confronted with such a phrase as, "Mind, when long deprived of its natural food of truth it is open to reflection that Rabindranath Tagore would do better were he to define what he means exactly by the terms "mind" and "truth" before proceeding from such equivocal concepts to frame conclusions on the aim of education in India, or, for the matter of that, in any other country.

However unsuitable to the natives of India may be the system of education which has been installed by Europeans in this country-and nobody is going to deny that a good deal of it is very unsuitable-it is not easy to imagine how the system in vogue at present in the Gurukula near Hardwar, as described by the author of "A League of

Spirit," is going to improve matters.

When one comes across a curriculum of culture which involves the study of Sanscrit grammar (" learnt by heart for eight years "), to the apparent exclusion of other branches of knowledge, it can hardly be a breach of good manners to ask the question: "Cui bono?" Sir Harry Johnston not so long ago expressed in print his views of the disastrous results that follow upon the teaching of nothing but a narrow academic theology to thousands of young Moslems in El Azhar University in Cairo. It would appear to be not unlikely that the seminary at Hardwar will repeat in a sense the record of El Azhar-i.e., the manufacture of bigots of a particularly reactionary and altogether detestable type.

In conclusion, I would like to give a quotation from a text-book recently published for the use of the Central Hindu College at Benares, an excellent account of which is

given by Mr. William Archer in his book, "India and the Future

"No other religion has produced so many great men, great teachers, great writers, great sages, great saints, great kings, great warriors, great statesmen, great bene-factors, great patriots."

After reading such stuff as this there seems only one thing to be said, and that is, paraphrasing Hamlet: these people do protest too much."-Yours, &c.,

India. May 5th, 1921.

THE MIND OF THE MILITARIST.

Sir,-I desire to register my appreciation of Mr. St. John Ervine's article, "The Mind of the Militarist," in your issue of 21st inst. No logical principle can be carried to its natural conclusion in practical life without a reductio ad absurdum, yet modern war needs but a very slight development in order to include and regularize most of the horrors suggested in this article-if these have not been already predicted in responsible military circles. I do not think, however, that Mr. St. John Ervine's article covers the whole question. Can he state categorically that war is always and necessarily retrograde to the higher development of mankind? Is no case possible in which the ends of truth and justice can be more advanced by a war than by its alternatives?

A rather extravagant hypothesis seems necessary to state the case. We suppose one country, A, powerfully and scientifically organized, tenanted by an obedient and easily deluded people, and ruled by an unscrupulous gang of adventurers intent on securing economic and military world dominion by any means whatever. A less powerful nation. B, is possessed of all the liberties resident in the best spirit of the British Constitution and has perfectly reliable sources of information on international affairs. To make the case extreme, A sends B an ultimatum demanding concessions of some of its vital privileges, with the probability of still more exacting demands if the first are too readily conceded. Can a citizen of B, with the interests of human progress at heart, refuse himself for military service? I confess I find this a difficult question, which I should feel at present com-pelled to answer in the negative. My mental outlook is such that only in the above limiting case could I make such a reply. I am fully aware of the extravagance of my hypo-Perhaps a reasonable answer would be: "When the world has reached such a stage of evolution that in one nation the citizens have perfectly reliable sources of political information, and are without Imperialist activities of their own, such an aggressive nation, A, will no longer exist.'

It is very interesting to refer to some words on this point in Mr. Drinkwater's play "Abraham Lincoln." I can agree with Mr. Drinkwater without regarding his words as final. I trust I may be permitted to quote them :-

Lincoln:

Lincoln:

". . . I, too, believe war to be wrong. It is the weakness and the jealousy and the folly of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But we are all weak, and jealous, and foolish. . . . But the best of us have an instinct to resist aggression if it won't listen to persuasion. You may say it's a wrong instinct. I don't know. But it's there, and it's there in millions of good men. I don't believe it's a wrong instinct. I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. . . But in the meantime there will come a wrong instinct. I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. . . But in the meantime there will come moments when the aggressors will force the instinct to resistance to act. Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. And then we must turn again, and again, and again, to persuasion. This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world. . . ." of an imperfect world.

This passage deals with the matter from a practical, human standpoint. From any other point of view the question should be superfluous. The agnostic, without faith in human progress, is surely a negligible quantity; the Christian is surely sufficiently answered by the words, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," which, if applicable to the use of force in the furtherance of religious objects, is surely a fortiori applicable to the lesser affairs of civil life.

I remember an excellent article in The NATION a year or two ago defending the Christian ethical code on scientific grounds, and explaining how the evil qualities of the Sus the Col Mu Col me Br

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aggressor rapidly showed themselves in the victor, even when the latter was fighting for "truth and right." "Overcome evil with good," would appear to be the only scientific course: yet this is a truth very hard of acceptation, and if Mr. St. John Ervine can show its logical and practical necessity in the present issue he will have put a few more nails in the coffin of modern war and incidentally earned the thanks of not a few thoughtful minds.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. BELL.

Auchtermuchty. May 28th, 1921.

COLERIDGE AND SUSSEX.

Sin,—"H. J. M.," in his remarks on "The Book of Sussex Verse" in your last issue, notes the omission from the volume of W. S. Rose's "charming poem about Coleridge walking Brighton Beach." It was, however, at Muddiford, in Hampshire, and not at Brighton, that Coleridge was staying on this occasion. The verses commemorating Coleridge's visit were printed privately at Brighton in 1837 (Dykes Campbell's "Life," 1896, p. 225).—Yours &c.

J. SHAWCROSS.

23, Baskerville Road, S.W.

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ANTIQUATED COAL-MINING.

Str.,—The question of economical coal production is now so important that it seems opportune to draw attention once more to the antiquated methods followed in British mines which carry in their train the insanitary and barbarous conditions of a bygone age, and render it extremely unlikely that Britain will ever regain her preponderance in coal production in competition with countries using up-to-date mechanical inventions.

I refer more particularly to the use, or rather abuse, of hundreds of ponies whose existence underground is a perpetual menace to the sanitary condition of the mines, and whose yearly toll of suffering is a perpetual and foul stain on our reputation as a moral people. We have heard a great deal in the past of the brutality of the boy drivers, but who is responsible for placing them in charge of animals which are frequently expected to work at high pressure for seventeen hours a day (i.e., two shifts) in the superheated darkness of the mines? The drivers are changed, the hewers are changed, but the wretched ponies are kept at work, while the Lewers shout curses for more tubs, and the drivers pass on the curses as blows to the animals they are working to death. It is a foul business which the utterly inadequate inspection is powerless to prevent. When the miserable victims are worked to the last ounce they are hauled to daylight, and-as recent revelations too plainly show-are often shipped to the Continent, where their small size and poor condition make them of such little value for meat that they mostly become the prey of the uncentrolled Continental vivisector.

Occasionally there comes a coal crisis, the pits disgorge their scores of suffering and weary ponies. Sometimes there may be an Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. around and there are revelations, as in a recent case when fines were inflicted for unnecessary cruelty to thirty-three pit ponies.

Is not the present crisis an opportunity for the taxpayer to make it a condition that an industry which is offered a subsidy of ten millions at his expense should be compelled to obtain its dividends by proper machinery and the methods of common humanity?—Yours, &c.,

M. H. CHARLES.

Guildford. May, 1921.

ALBANIAN DEPORTATIONS.

S(R,—Albania—after seven years' absence—is a new land almost to me. In spite of the seven years of war and foreign occupation, the independent spirit of the people has enabled them to do more towards forming a nation than some of us anticipated. We remember the days when no Albanian school could exist without foreign protection, and when all such were merely run by interested Powers to gain their own ends. Free Albania has now opened 528 schools for children

and several evening schools, at which adults are eagerly learning. Perfect tranquillity reigns in the land. A smart gendarmerie has been organized. Streets have been cleaned, , and there is as great a need for houses as in England. But building is going on more energetically. All looks hopeful. But there is one very black spot. Almost immediately after the Armistice Serb troops entered and occupied a large portion of Albanian territory—that of the Ljuma tribe mainly-within the frontiers delimited by the Powers in 1913. This district is inhabited solely by Albanians. Many at once fled into Albania, hoping to obtain aid; hoping also that the Powers would speedily order the evacuation of the land thus seized. The Serbs, however, have remained there, and have burnt many villages. Recently they gave an order for all Albanians of the district who had left to return at once to their villages. The Albanians, fearing treachery and also most unwilling to live under Serb rule, refused to do so. The Serbs have now begun to punish the innocent families of these men by forcibly removing them from their homes and transporting them into Serbia.

Refugees from the district come in and report details. Under the circumstances I cannot ask you to publish names, as this might entail further oppression. But I have the names of six families and of the villages from which they have been quite lately removed.

They appeal urgently for help and sympathy. Their land has been forcibly annexed although given to Albania by the Powers. This is hard enough. But if they are forced to remain in Serbia they dread the Slavizing of their children, for no Albanian school has as yet been established in Serbia.

Their request is a very modest one—namely, that the frontier drawn in 1913 be respected and their homeland restored to them.—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

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Tirana, Albania. May 6th, 1921.

Poetry.

KIPPS.

Don't flash your bull's-eye on me. I'm all right. I shan't do nothing wrong—nor I'm not lost Nor drunk. You've seen me 'ere before at night? Quite likely! Well, who am I? I'm a ghost.

Haunting? Well, 'ardly (Hardly I should say). But as to bein' dead, well, who'll deny He'll not come back again, not Folkestone way— Art Kipps—the shop assistant—who was I?

You'd 'ardly guess how lonely Heaven can be, Constable—for a chap who has no use For all this business of immortality And those dark trees in the long avenues!

It's like a church—only this difference: The saints 'as left the windows, and the bells Are always ringing, and you've got the sense That all you see and 'ear means something else.

I'm puzzled in Heaven. See? I am. It's not What I've been used to. Makes me want to come— Badly—to see poor Buggins and his lot Tidying up the old Emporium.

I've thought of them when swells with some great name 'Ave spoken to me—not that they are proud, But swells and me can never be the same; I want to be along of my old crowd.

My sort don't suit with immortality.

It hurts, does living after death—it's wrong—I want to rest with other chape like me—

Must you be going? Well, ole chap—so long.

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HUMBERT WOLFE.

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

ALLUSIONS made in the Budget speech to the new Chancellor's determination to secure retrenchment have a sequel in the publication of a Treasury instruction to the Departments calling for economies sufficient to lop £113 millions off the Civil Service Estimates for next year. If Sir Robert Horne goes through with this job, he will deserve well of his country. But it can hardly be expected that the City should forget that the Prime Minister himself issued a similar instruction, even more strongly worded, eighteen months ago with poor results, and that, in any case, drastic economy is at least two years too late: Civil Service expenditure certainly requires truncating by at least the sum indicated, but in view of the failure to establish durable security in international affairs, peace in Ireland, or harmony at home, expenditure in other ways will still spell a continuance of taxation at its present burdensome level. Possibly the most apt of recent Ministerial utterances was Sir A. Mond's reference to the present state of affairs as a "business Bedlam." Certainly Bedlamite features predominate. While the indisputable postulates of recovery and economic progress are harmony, freedom of industry from bureaucratic meddling, and retrenchment, Labor and Capital are engaged in fighting each other while the Government acts as a wholly ineffective referee, and our rulers busy themselves with plans for upsetting our fiscal system and clogging the foreign trade which is the country's life-blood.

Business men and investors alike are so utterly weary of the perpetually recurring obstacles to any sort of stable progress, that the financial and business world is and will remain practically comatose until the coal dispute, at any rate, is settled, and until it is possible to see some gleam of light through the thick clouds of uncertainty which shroud the whole horizon. So far as the investment world is concerned there is only one feature, and that is the ready demand for high-class investment securities. That there is plenty of money available is shown by the quick oversubscription of one new issue after another of the soundly secured, fixed-interest-bearing type. Apart from a little gambling in German bonds there is no life in other markets.

MONEY AND NEW ISSUES.

Last week £55 millions of Treasury Bills were offered for tender and applications were for over £72 millions, the average rate of successful applications working out at £5 13s. 1d. per cent., or about 1s. 10d. per cent. less than in the previous week; the approach of the rate downward towards 51 per cent. emphasizing the interest saving to the Government, as compared with the fixed 61 per cent. rate which was in force until a couple of months ago. The money market position has been eased by the distribution of £50,000,000 of dividend on War Loan. Some of this money will perhaps go to cause some slight improvement in business in some Stock Exchange markets. But no real stock market revival can be looked for until the coal dispute is settled and the Bank rate down to 6 per cent. Meanwhile some of this £50 millions may find its way into new issues, of which many important ones are out or pending, including a Five Towns Loan of £3,000,000 for Derby, Gateshead, Newport, Reading, and Wallasey. This is a 6 per cent. loan issued at 95½. The 7½ per cent. debentures of the Cape Explosives Company, issued early this week, were speedily taken up. The result of the Conversion Loan-namely, that only about £150 millions of Bonds were converted-must be a considerable disappointment to the Treasury. But, from the State's point of view, there may be compensation in the possibility that further conversions may be achieved later on cheaper terms.

THE YEAR'S RISE IN GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

To illustrate the extent of the rise that has taken place this year in gilt-edged stocks, I have prepared the following

comparison of prices and yields now and at the close of

last year:-											
					In		ding				
	Date	Price				Profit					
	of	End		01		May			n	Fal	
Name of	Redemp-	of	Redemp-		31,	Redemp-		in			
Security.	tion.	1920.	1	tion	n.	1921.		tio	n.	Yiel	d.
				S.	d.			S.		£ s.	d.
21% Consols	-	45			0	47	5	6	0	5	0
33% War Loan	1925-1928	833	8	16	0	88	5	16	0	1 0	0
5% War Loan	1929-1947	83	6	7	0	884	5	17	0	10	0
4% War Loan	1929-1942	914	4	13	3+	971	4	3	6+	9	9
4% Funding Loan		68		17	91	72	5	11	01	6	9
4% Victory Bonds	1920-1976	724		10	01	794	5		9:	9	9 3
5% Nat. War Bonds	At 105	1-2				102					
70	Sep., 1928	931	6	10	0	974	15	17	6	12	6
5% Local Loans	cclarit rome	501		19	6	533		12	3	7	3
Indian 710	-	548	6	8	6	571	6	1	9	6	
Australia 51%	1922-1927	92	7	0	3	96		15	3	5	
Metropolitan	AUGU AUG	04		0	0	00	0	10	U	1.3	·
Water Board											
16 (11) E10/	1929-1939	91	6	4	0	97	6	15	6	8	6
Port of London		91	U	4	U	01	U	10	U	0	O
	1940-1960	633	0	13	0	641	a	11	0	0	0
Gt. Western Rly.	1940-1900	003	0	13	U	641	0	11	U	4	U
Gt. Western Rly.		0.0		17	9	mo		2.4	3	3	6
	_	68	0	17	9	70	3	14	٥	٥	0
Midland Rly. 21%		40		-			_				
Deb	_	42	8	2	6	44	5	17	0	5	6
Dalgety & Co. 41%			_	-	-		-	_	-		_
Deb	-	63	7	3	6	64	7	2	9		9
English Sewing				-							
Cotton 4% Deb.	_	63	6	9	6	64	6	В	0	1	6
	+ F	ree of	Inc	om	e Ta	x.					

! No allowance made in this yield for Profit on Redemption.

It has to be remembered that in the intervening period Bank rate has been reduced by ½ per cent., and from the above figures it will be seen that the yields on only three of the securities named have declined by as much as 1 per cent. Special depressing influences have, of course, been at work in special cases. But a justifiable inference from these statistics would seem to be that when Bank rate is further lowered to 6 per cent.-whenever that may be-there will be plenty of room for a further considerable rise in the giltedged market. Included in the above list for comparison are two prominent industrial debentures. The coal stoppage coming on the top of the trade depression has confined the rise in these securities to small dimensions.

RUBBER RESULTS AND CONSIDERATIONS.

Two old-established leaders of the Rubber Market have just published their reports for 1920-namely, Linggi and Neither company proposes to distribute any dividend, whereas a year ago the latter paid 30 per cent. and the former 25 per cent. Linggi's net profits for 1920 were £52,410, against £123,607 in the previous year. For 1920 the profit per lb. of rubber produced was 43d., against a little more than 101d. in 1919. But "all-in" costs worked out at little less than 1s. 4d. per lb., a fact which, with the present price of rubber at 8½d., is sufficient to prove the wisdom of the directors in withholding a dividend and conserving resources to the utmost extent. Malacca profits fell from £182,723 to £18,581, before allowing for debenture interest, in spite of the fact that rubber was sold at nearly 2s. per lb. Malacca's costs work out at over 1s. 6d. per lb., a rate which is ruinous under present market conditions. The directors announce their determination of reducing costs, but their task is a stiff one, for a very substantial reduction indeed is essential. The rubber crisis at the moment shows no signs of passing. panies whose resources have been carefully husbanded, and who succeed in pruning down their production costs to an irreducible minimum, will doubtless pull through. But the weak, improvident, and inefficient must surely go under in considerable numbers. Many rubber plantation companies are finding it essential to raise new capital to tide them over. Under present conditions appeals to the outside public are usually out of the question. So many companies are offering debentures to existing shareholders. To decide whether to take up such debentures is often an exceedingly difficult question for shareholders. Will it be a question of throwing good money after bad, or will it be a matter of lending in order that their existing share holdings may be retrieved from worthlessness? Each case must be decided on its own merits, and investors who are faced with this problem are strongly advised to take counsel with a stockbroker, who will be in possession of the latest news and figures.

L. J. R.



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The Morld of Books.

The popular fiction which an English critic has called "wild treacle" is not all the American printed matter which reaches this side, though it is all, perhaps, that our reading public ever hears about. As a world of books, America lived before, and continued after, "David Harum." It is not easy to shake in friendship that hand across the sea which lately has disfigured our hoardings and bookstalls with Tarzan, no doubt the worst thing that ever came from America in bulk. But, having stated that not inconsiderable grievance, I must confess that the American public appears much more alert to the importance of books than would be guessed from the popular stuff which forms one of its principal exports to this country.

The American public spares a greater share of its interest in general gossip to the news about literature than does the British. A number of New York dailies issue weekly literary supplements, and any one of these supplements contains more reviews of books and more articles with a literary content than all the morning and evening journals The scant attention of London publish in a month. and the still more meagre knowledge shown by some important London newspapers for any art except that of the picture-palace are scandalous, and give their prints the monotonous character of an appeal to the mentally defective; and it is worth noting that it is in just these papers, too, that the demand for ruthless economy in popular education is most cacophonous.

It is probable that Oxford would say that America's gusto for books is that of the young and thirsty fellow who would take dill-water with as hearty an appreciation as good wine. Very likely. Yet it is good to be young, and with an appetite so robust that it is more eager to get something than something in particular. The thought of the devotion which most of the American seats of learning give to "studies" in literature, for example, judging by some exceptionally weighty evidence which

comes to The Nation and The Athenæum for review, fills a critic on this side with awe. I think it was Wisconsin which took Wordsworth, and made of that simple-hearted poet a learned book of about seven pounds avoirdupois, which I tried in vain to get any lover of letters here to examine critically. Each critic to whom I offered it gave it one startled glance, and at once changed the subject. This research work and these analyses and statistics certainly show an ardor to which even a lover of fine literature cannot always rise, and it would be very unwise to discourage it. On the contrary, while thanking America for its devotion to our classics, may a Britisher suggest to any American who has the leisure and the will for a little research work that what whole crowds of us over here would be delighted to get would be a monograph, as weighty and as crowded with detail as he likes, of Herman Melville?

A RECENT issue of the New York "Freeman" had some notes on the author of "Moby Dick," which did little more than excite one's appetite. It is clear that it is time this task was undertaken by an American who is properly aware that his country has produced a work which is not only unique of its kind, and a great achievement, but is the expression of an imagination that rises to the highest, and so is amongst the world's great works of art. There is something unusually fascinating in the case of Melville. We must learn more about that man. We know hardly anything at all at present. Let Wordsworth wait. How was it that the author who did two merely lively and observant books of travel, and a story, "White Jacket," which does not call for any special attention, on one occasion soared clear into the empyrean, and maintained himself among the stars through all one long book?

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THE American critics who find time for prolonged inquiries, published later in ponderous and even unreadable volumes, on English authors who are classical, but frequently dim to general readers in a well-earned obscurity, and who yet neglect the strange case of Melville, astonish me. There must be people living who have seen Melville, and have talked to him-the man who, it is reported, once remarked, "All fame is patronage; let me be infamous "; and, "I shall go down to them (posterity) in all likelihood. 'Typee' will be given to them with their gingerbread." Now is the very time to tackle that book about him. If this task is neglected a little longer, so that some priceless recollections of Melville, now available, are lost, and documents and other evidence of the man, which now exist, are buried still deeper beneath the litter of the years, then the book about him will be but tentative, and will leave the mystery darker than ever. And what a jolly task the writing of that biography would be! If only one lived near Nantucket. . . .

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Short Studies.

THE BIBLE LESSON.

The Bible lesson had started badly that morning in Standard V. It was Griffin's fault. Prayers had passed without a hitch; Isaiah liii. had been recited in chorus, and Mr. Gee was busy with the verse, "He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth . . ." showing how beautifully and miraculously the predictions were verified in the New Testament, when Jones pointed out to Griffin a "spicy" passage in the Book of Genesis. Griffin had sniggered out loud. Mr. Gee recognized that snigger, knew what it meant, and flew into a passion. He smote the table, thrust his head forward, and ordered the culprits to write out fifty times, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God . . ."

Jones was indignant, and, later, vowed he'd "never show that soppy fool Griffin no more good bits." The other boys agreed.

"Serve 'im jolly well right, too!" they said warmly. Poor Griffin went home alone, almost in tears . . .

Outside school no one regarded Mr. Gee as a hard man. "But with sixty kids," he protested, not without reason, "you can't play the 'dear daddy' trick!" So he snarled on principle. Nor was Mr. Gee strait-laced; he believed in religion; went to church on wet Sunday mornings, thought it proper that school children should read the Bible; though, as he said, "it needs explaining lest it puts ideas in the youngsters' heads." But he had an independent mind on religious questions; he wasn't "priest-ridden like those ignorant Irish"; he boldly stated his doubts of the "Jonah and whale yarn"; he believed in keeping Christmas, but not Lent. . . there was nothing narrow about Mr. Gee; he could enjoy a glass of beer with anyone . . . Mr. Gee was, in fact, a thorough man of the world, a right-down good fellow. The piety and snappishness of school, originally a protective pose, had become a habit.

But Mr. Gee was really angry with Jones and Griffin. He was still more angry to find that throughout the imposition Griffin had written "poor" for "pure."

. . When Griffin was ordered to rewrite his imposition, Jones found it irksome to hide his glee.

Mr. Gee hurried on to St. Matthew's Gospel. Yesterday he had taken a miracle; by way of variety, he had chosen the parable of the Ten Virgins for to-day's lesson. Many boys could not remember the distinction between miracles and parables; it was very tiresome; only yesterday Clod had spoken of the "parable" of the feeding of the five thousand. Inexpressibly weary was Mr. Gee's voice as he repeated his explanation.

"The miracles," he said, "actually happened, while the parables are not really true—just earthly stories with a heavenly meaning."

The parable of the Ten Virgins was peculiarly important as one of those recorded only by St. Matthew—a fact useful for examination purposes. Mr. Gee, therefore, explained the parable ("not miracle") verse by verse in detail. He began by discreetly defining a "virgin" as a "respectable young lady."

Then Hibbins read aloud: "And five of them were wise and five were foolish."

"How many were wise?" inquired the teacher, pouncing on Jones.

Jones answered correctly.

"Now!" said Mr. Gee," what fraction of the whole is that?"

"An 'arf, sir!"

This was, perhaps, easy, but Mr. Gee had some

difficulty in obtaining the statement: "One half were wise and one half were foolish!"

Mr. Gee elucidated the matter still further by showing that the passage might be rendered: "Fifty per cent. were wise and fifty per cent. were foolish," a deduction which the boys committed to writing.

Mr. Gee thought it time to make a "practical application."

"This teaches us," he said, "that only half the population is wise."

Some might have considered the estimate generous, but a note of sadness had crept into the teacher's voice. One or two boys looked uneasy. Clod, however, ventured a cheering comment.

"Please, sir!" he said, "there wasn't no schools n them days!"

The teacher nodded, and Clod glowed with pleasure. "Well then, Clod," said Mr. Gee, "don't behave like the foolish virgins and come late to school in the morning."

And Clod, who in his leisure hours was employed by a greengrocer, regretted having spoken.

Mr. Gee dealt exhaustively and practically with the oil shortage among the foolish virgins: he showed the importance of foresight and thrift, and set an arithmetical problem based on "War Savings Certificates"; he pointed out that gas and electricity had superseded oil as an illuminant, and spoke of the inconvenience and dangers of oil lamps. One boy rather daringly said that his mother "preferred oil lamps".

his mother "preferred oil-lamps."

"If I need home opinions," said Mr. Gee, snappishly, "I'll ask for them: you're in school now!" and went on to remark that had the virgins lived in these enlightened days they would have carried electric torches—at any rate the wise ones would.

Thus Mr. Gee kept the regulation which forbade "dogmatic teaching." He sometimes boasted that he could give a lesson on the Resurrection that wouldn't offend the strictest Jew; he claimed (though probably he exaggerated a little) that he could "teach Scripture a whole year without giving away his own beliefs." . . .

Mansell was inquiring why the wedding took place at midnight, when that funny story came into Mr. Gee's mind, and, to his annoyance, a most unschoolmasterly smile appeared on his face. Of course, the class laughed heartily at Mansell, who felt foolish. Mr. Gee instantly rebuked the laughter, reminding the class in shocked tones that "they were having a Bible lesson." He explored his cupboard and found a tattered booklet, entitled "Our Blessed Lord's Parables Simplified," a work which, twenty-five years ago, had helped him to gain the "Archbishop's Certificate in Divinity."

"The lamps," read Mr. Gee, "typify the Word of God; the oil is the spiritual light, lacking which the Word cannot profitably be understood; the bridegroom——"

Taylor tried to hide a yawn behind his Bible. "Explain the meaning of the oil, Taylor," said Mr. Gee, with an angry pounce.

But Taylor had been listening.

"Please, sir!" he said, "the oil gives the light what you read the Bible with at midnight." Mr. Gee sucked in his cheeks and pursed his lips dubiously. The answer didn't seem quite right; it certainly was not what he wanted.

Then he saw Evans scratching himself viciously. "Now, Evans," said the teacher, "if you've quite finished, you might give me the feminine of 'bridegroom'."

Evans was a small, pale boy, wearing huge steel spectacles with a cracked lens; he made valiant attempts to answer, he stammered long and incoherently, gaining time in the hope that whispered help would arrive.

time in the hope that whispered help would arrive.
"Don't guess!" said Mr. Gee. "How many times
must I tell you that guessing is a form of lying?"

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Meanwhile, Kelly was holding up a dirty, eager hand.

"Well, tell him, Kelly!"

"Bridesmaid, sir!' said Kelly, aglow with triumph.
"Another boy guessing!" thundered Mr. Gee, and what do you mean by coming to school with those filthy hands?" Kelly looked at his hands with a bewildered air.

"Just imagine," added Mr. Gee, "touching God's Word with hands in that state!"

The teacher proceeded to discuss certain feminine nouns-weird words he never used except during lessons on gender. To Kelly, surreptitiously spitting on his hands, and rubbing them hard with his handkerchief, some of the words seemed "wicked." . . . These he remembered.

Young Hudson wanted to know "why the young ladies didn't blow their lamps out before they slumbered and slept." Nobody had ever before asked Mr. Gee that question; having no answer, he demanded "what that had to do with the parable."

"Nothing, sir!" stammered Hudson. But a bright boy suggested that "there was no matches in them days. which gave Mr. Gee an opportunity to touch upon the

properties of phosphorus.

Clod, who knew all about "closing time," was much puzzled that the "young ladies" were able to buy oil at midnight. But he wisely held his tongue. Besides, "Scripture" time was almost gone.

"Now, boys!" said Mr. Gee, stabbing the class with his Bible, "write out any 'lessons' the parable teaches you . . . and, mind, let it be your best writing!"

Hudson was gazing through the window.

"What are you doing, Hudson?

Hudson was a smart youth.

"Please, sir, I was finking!" he replied, with aggravating promptness.

Mr. Gee frowned.

"Don't think!" he said, sharply, "get on with your

Then there was silence. Mr. Gee opened his attendance register; the Education Authority had demanded a list of boys between the ages of 11 and 113 years. From the next room, at intervals, came a drawling chorus of

Honor . . . farver and muvver . . . long in the . . God giveth thee . . . shalt not kill . . . commit adultery . . . covet thy neighbor's 'ouse . . . neighbor's wife . .

Mr. Gee looked up. Joyce sat gloomily gazing at the face of a virgin he had sketched on his thumbnail. "Lazy as usual, Joyce?"

"Please, sir," the boy cried, helplessly, "I can't think of any 'lessons'!"

Then, eagerly, "I could write the story, sir!"

Mr. Gee shook his head severely.

"There's nothing in that," he said. "It's not the

story that matters; it's the 'lessons'

Joyce couldn't understand this; he was only eleven; he looked at his teacher hopelessly. "Don't sulk!" said Mr. Gee, sharply. "What have you done, Mansell?" "I've wrote six lessons, sir." "There you are," said Mr. Gee, turning to Joyce.

Then Mansell was told to read out what he had written. "Don't lend nobody nothing what you want for

'In the Bible, people was ignorant and did not know all about science and electric lights same as we do.

If you come late to school you will not get on, but

'nash your teeth outside.''
"In them days virgins attended weddings in the middle of the night.''

You must never be caught napping."

" If you want -

Then the bell rang. The Scripture lesson was over.

C. H. BARKER.

Reviews.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF TCHEHOV.

Anton Tchehov's Notebooks. (Richmond : Hogarth Press. 5s. net.)

WHEN Buxton Forman published, over forty years ago, the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, there was no small outery in this country. Many people-Arnold amongst them-felt that it was iniquitous to drag the private life of Keats into the light of day. In some cases the repugnance felt was a moral repugnance. Keats was wicked to have had such feelings towards a woman, and it was wicked of his editor to reveal the shameful secret. In other cases the objection was more disinterested; and the objectors of this kind argued that since it was obvious (as indeed it was) that Keats would have hated to have the letters made public, it was an offence

against him to disregard his undoubted wish.

It is very likely that the second objection was untenable. The letters to Fanny added something essential to our knowledge of Keats; and because that which they added was essential, though they may have diminished the esteem in which he was held in the 'seventies and 'eighties, they have increased it since. No one regrets the publication of them now. The modern difficulty would be of an opposite kind; it would be hard to make people nowadays understand that the objection to having them published might be both sincere and reasonable. The modern rage is for both sincere and reasonable. The modern rage is for personalia at all costs. It is the particular kind of sensationalism with which we are afflicted. Inevitably, since the appetite is pronounced, there are plenty of people ready to gratify it. The argument with which the publication of privacies is justified is simple. Everything that appertains to a great man is the property of the world; and there can be no doubt (say the revealers) that the subjects of our revelations are great men, for why should we write about them otherwise? Of course, if this argument applies to our politicians and our statesmen, who are indisputably august and venerable, it applies a fortiori to the poor devil of a writer who is bound to make himself a motley to the view. A faint murmur of objection may still be heard protesting against that irreverent colonel who disclosed a Minister of Agriculture looking in vain (in conversation at the darkest period of the war) for the position of a cow's ears, but the notion that there might be some reason for discriminating in the publication of a writer's remains would be received with complete indifference.

And yet I am old-fashioned enough to believe that it is almost a crime to make public fragments of an author's manuscripts which he obviously did not mean to show the world. I am convinced that Tchehov never intended that these notebooks should appear. All that is really valuable and illuminating in them could have been got into a half-dozen pages. The rest are notes which suggested their dozen pages. context of actual memories to Tchehov, and are all but meaningless to ourselves. I regret that they have been published-partly for the sake of Tchehov, whom I revere, but much more because they will strengthen a deplorable tendency that is already much too prevalent among those who meddle with letters-the tendency to approach an author by the backstairs. When they have a bookful of an author's fragments and scraps in front of them, people give themselves up to the metaphorical fancy that they are "in his workshop." It looks so very intimate. They must be near to the centre of things, and that delusion is gratifying to their vanity. But in reality a workshop without the workman in it is generally a dull and unedifying affair of frozen gluepots and shavings and oiled rags. It throws as much light upon the secret by which the elegant cabinet was constructed as the contents of a colorman's window

afford an explanation of a portrait by Manet.

It is no exaggeration to say that any one of Tchehov's better stories is more valuable than this heap of sweepings from his floor. What they tell us of the bias of his mind is misleading, and needs to be incessantly corrected by reference to his accomplished work; what they tell us of his actual method-his technique of composition-is practically nothing; what they tell us of himself, as compared with what we learn from the "Letters," is trifling. The Tchehov who is important to us is the Tchehov of the stories and

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the plays, and since it is an axiom of good criticism that you will find the man (if you find him anywhere) in his work, we are perfectly justified in rejecting, or reinterpreting, a Tchehov who does not square with the Tchehov of the stories and the plays. The Tchehov of the "Notebooks" does not square with him. Unless we are mere idolaters, we must admit that, with a few precious exceptions, these notes reveal him as a crude ironist with a crude sense of humor:—

"A farce: N., in order to marry, greased the bald patch on his head with an oiutment which he read of in an advertisement, and suddenly there began to grow on his head pig's bristles."

It reminds one of Charles Lamb's farce about Mr. H—. Possibly it is worth knowing that Tchehov thought that funny, as Charles Lamb thought the name, Mr. Hogsflesh, funny. Possibly this element of crude humor was essential to the composition of Tchehov's sensibility. But the secret of the combination escapes us, and it is more than possible that the farcical element was necessary to it only in the sense that it afforded an explosive relief from the oppression of the very much "more than ordinary organic sensibility" with which Tchehov was endowed. Keats had a similar need of crude comic relief.

That may be an interesting psychological fact, but it is also an irrelevant one. In dealing with a writer we are not concerned with his sensibility as it appears to the psychoanalyst or the doctor; we are concerned with that part of it which has been as it were canalized into the production of works of literature. That is the part of it which the writer himself thought most important, which he fashioned and moulded, and, so far as he could, brought under his own control. For our part, we are compelled to think it the most important simply because it is the animating spirit in his work. If we h ve formed a conception of Tchehov's sensibility from studying his stories, we are perfectly entitled to go through the "Notebooks" ruthlessly rejecting as irrelevant everything that is not congruous with our conception. Very little will remain. There are a good many scenarios of stories, which we can amuse ourselves by trying to fill out in the manner of Tchehov. There is a very large comic" observations, some of them quite silly. number of " There is a disappointingly small number of notes that have the visible impress of Tchehov the artist upon them; but of these few one or two are precious. We can, for instance, extent is comprehended, as between two boundaries, in these two notes:

"So long as a man likes the splashing of a fish, he is a poet; but when he knows that the splashing is nothing but the oppression of the weak by the strong, he is a thinker; but when he does not understand what sense there is in the chase, or what use in the equilibrium which results from destruction, he is becoming silly and dull as he was when a child. And the more he knows and thinks the sillier he becomes."

"Essentially all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people. But when one listens to music, all this is — that some people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive, and, grey-headed, is now sitting in a box in the theatre, seems quiet and majestic; and the avalanche is no longer meaningless, since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive."

The translators have not always served Tchehov so well as they have done in the second of these notes, which is a beautiful piece of English. We need not stress the particular alchemy of music. It is enough if we understand by it the alchemy of art, and of Tchehov's own art. Between these two notes lies the whole mysterious process by which Tchehov discovered that the very indifference of life is beautiful. There is a sudden twist of the apprehension, and the meance becomes a delight. "In nature everything has a meaning" did not, I believe, mean for Tchehov that it had the meaning it had for Alyosha Karamazov when he bowed himself to the earth and wept tears of joy; much less does it mean that Tchehov now understood what had been hidden from him before—" what sense there is in the chase." The solution he found is not on the same plane as the problem; neither is it, like Alyosha's, on a higher plane

than the problem. Tchehov—and this is one of the qualities in him that hold us fast—transcends nothing. What he does discover is some profound esthetic satisfaction in the spectacle, a pattern in the carpet which does not give everything in nature a meaning, in the obvious sense of the words, but is a pattern in which everything in nature has a place. It was Tchehov's ability to discern this that enabled him to look so steadily at the life before his eyes. He must not falsify the reality, or the pattern would not appear; he need not become hysterical and seek "to expose" life, for the pattern was a sufficient reward.

Probably it is this capacity for what may be called sesthetic faith which most definitely separates Tchehov from the writers who went before him and those who have followed after. He said that he, unlike his great predecessors, had "no axe to grind." Relatively, it was true; absolutely, it was false. Tchehov's axe was a little one. We might compare it to a cutting diamond. But there is no doubt that he ground and polished it to the utmost of his power. My grievance against the "Notebooks" is that they show us so little of this process, and so much of others that are unimportant.

J. Middleton Murry.

THE IDEAL TEXT-BOOK.

How England is Governed. By C. F. G. MASTERMAN. (Selwyn & Blount. 8s. 6d. net.)

This is an excellent book. No better introductory study exists of the working of the British Constitution. Mr. Masterman has not attempted what has already been admirably performed by Bagehot and Redlich, by Lowell and Sir Sidney Low. What he has done is to write such a survey of our political institutions as would make their working intelligible to the average intelligent elector. He has rarely attempted to theorize upon his material. Now and again a vivid phrase, a summarized experience, a problem briefly suggested, opens up some avenue of delightful contention. But, on the whole, Mr. Masterman is content with a picture that has not the less accuracy because it is vivaciously painted.

And it is the type of book that is of especial importance The electorate is more than double its prewar size; and, if we are to be honest, we must not equate extension with an increase in quality. What we need, above extension with an increase in quality. all, is the means of making intelligible the working of a political process too often obscure in its principle and tedious in detail. There are books enough and to spare. But most of them defeat the very purpose for which they were intended. Some are so tedious in description as to be monuments of dullness. Others (they are usually written by unamiable professors) are so occupied in explaining how we got our institutions that by the time they reach our own day the reader's patience is Others, again, are so crammed exhausted. reflection upon the beauty of our political edifice that a reader who belonged to a party would hardly know that it was of our own constitution that they treated. What was needed was a volume that would do for our institutions what J. R. Green did for our history. Mr. Masterman has practically supplied that need. The one great fault of his book (it is a noble fault) is its brevity. Now and again a hint is given (as in the description of the Cabinet) which provokes the reader's appetite without satisfying it. The other defect is Mr. Masterman's failure to provide his reader with a guide to the literature he should follow. But these faults are more than compensated for by the intimate experience the book embodies.

What is particularly excellent is the survey of local government. That is the more important because it is clear that in the coming reconstruction of our polity, the revision of local government will be the central clue to change. Alteration of areas, vast increase of powers, destruction of no small part of Parliamentary control, abolition of the present indefensible system of rates—all these are essential to the relief of Parliament. And it is the great merit of Mr. Masterman's book that things such as these leap to the

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mind as his pages are read. So, too, with his account of an election in being. Short of Eatanswill and Mr. Belloc's recent picture, we know of nothing which so vividly explains to a sensible person why the politician is so often a jaded and cynical creature to whom enthusiasm is either strange or else the material for a peroration. Indeed, the outstanding merit of the book is the admirable way in which the reader is compelled to think out each institution in terms of the problems it presents. One greatly hopes that it will be brought to the attention of the Workers' Educational Association. It is exactly the kind of volume that should be accessible to its students.

THE JOY AS IT FLIES.

Some Birds of the Countryside: the Art of Nature. By H, J. MASSINGHAM. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Reading an old miscellary lately, we were at once surprised and pleased to come upon a copy of verses by the Earl of Rochester, with a bold, bad rhyme to begin with, expressing a mood which Whitman also has expressed with felicity. The lines are not so familiar that they will not bear quotation:

Were I [who to my Cost, already am,
One of those strange prodigious creatures, Man]
A Spirit free to chuse for my own share
What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear;
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;
Or any Thing but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth to contradict the other five:
And before certain Instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err."

Or again :-

"Those Creatures are the wisest who attain By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim: If therefore Jowler finds and kills his Hare Better than Meers supplies Committee-Chair, Tho' one's a Statesman, th'other but a Hound, Jowler, in Justice, would be wiser found."

Mr. Massingham's attitude towards the world of men, as compared with the world of nature, is akin to this, and with the verdict in Jowler's favor (particularly if Jowler were feathered) he would, by all the evidence of his book, agree. With Plato in the old song, he says again and again "Whoy-oy-oy should men be vain?" if not directly, yet by the silent contrast between the ugliness of our affairs and the beauty (save when we interfere) of the affairs of nature. His reflection and his remorse is, let alone what man has made of man, what man has made of the other creatures. He lets fall every now and then some phrase to recall to us how great a gulf has been fixed—by us—between ourselves and the rest of creation: we move in wild nature as "spectators from an unhappy world," and unwelcome spectators at that, "for it is ourselves who are the outcasts of nature, not the crow and the pie. Our sovereign capacity so misused has made us foreigners upon this green earth. The sight of magpies assembled for evening play, their "gaiety and abandon of spirits," makes him "wish for a metamorphosis into their form"; and watching shore birds in their perfect beauty haunting the mud flats which are inaccessible to ourselves, he cries: "Would that I might have been a disembodied spirit for a space, to fly invisible among them and witness every little thing they did, even the flowering of every wayward thought and caprice in the great sum of them that has mounted with every falling sun!" Such love, and homage, for nature, together with considerable irreverence for nature's overseer, is the understrain of Mr. Massingham's book.

Although he disagrees with Pope over the question of the proper study, he by no means gives the impression of isolating himself and the birds from all other interests. Probably no naturalist has ever brought to his pleasant task so great a desire to see all the connections that exist in the universe, to fly

"From earth to th' empyrean heights, and tie The Thunderer to the tendril of a weed."

Few can have had the advantage of such wide appreciation

of the noblest human progress, which has provided Mr. Massingham with a treasury of apt and vivid images. He resumes the old tradition of English naturalists touching poetry, which was, to quote it as though they loved it: again, he compares a wagtail shouting his own eulogy after a kestrel-chase to Jack the Giant Killer sounding his penny whistle, or, it may be, a blackbird's courting gesture to "a fine line of blank verse." In reading him, one is often reminded of his enthusiasm for the seventeenth century not so much by his appeals to Vaughan and Marvell as by his fine, free ideas which sometimes become conceits. Witness his description of the jealousy of robins, who "will hurl bright, furious spears of sound" at one another; or better still, his throstle's nest: "How wonderfully beautiful the eggs are in their natural home—blue oval skies, powdered at the poles with black stars and with a greenish tinge over the blue, as if the earth had stained the heavens!"

It would be well if some, and better if all, of the collectors of our birds could read Mr. Massingham's caustic reflections on their cold-blooded frenzy. East Anglia, which he knows thoroughly, meets with the heartiest condemnation, as it deserves to do, and not only the collectors. East Anglia is a region where, for instance, you will find men appropriating nests of "grey linnets" to distribute into the cages, and arguing coolly in answer to your complaint: "Grey linnet's always reckoned to be a cage-bird." Each house, indeed, may be called a Parlement of Foules; those birds who do the speaking only express the miserable condition in which their life is spent, the others from their glass mausoleums are past expression. This state of things is described with great vigor by Mr. Massingham, and indeed it is one of his chief characteristics that he can feel burning indignation about things which might ordinarily be let go and yet under examination turn out to be the work of evil.

His actual observation of birds has been rich and various, and, apart from a suspicion of over-certainty, carries conviction. It would be unwise to demand of the second part of his title the legal interpretation, and to imagine that he means by the "art of nature" anything more than "a certain æsthetic awareness," among birds. Rather than harp on the old "It is pretty, but is it art? we will readily agree that there is no reason why a healthy robin should be devoid of a sense of beauty any more than a healthy human being. That he should endeavor to produce beauty is a deeper question. Let us unselfishly turn to one point of especial and of mournful interest in Mr. Massingham's annals. It is his account of the raven in his natural home, that great memory, so familiar, so utterly unfamiliar at last. We would as gladly see a raven hovering over our cottage as our great-grandfather coming up the path, to remind us of what has been. It seems incredible that the raven should be, within an ace, extinct; yet it is no new thing. "He who has given so much dark inspiration to legend, tragedy, verse, and history" was still in the land in 1830, building his nest "a faggot near in size," and with his mate passing as "the wood patriarchs, old as the oldest men," while every spring "found the two ancient birds at their old task, repairing the huge nest." Jesse in 1844 had seen only one pair: "persecuted," he wrote of the bird, "and almost extinct." In these circumstances Mr. Massingham's twentieth-century eye-witness account is of peculiar value, and he was fortunate to hear the bird's bark-growl-croaks, like a bishop reading the Litany." old Kit Smart wrote, "They mean it all for music.

This notice of a book which is no ordinary addition to bird literature cannot fairly end without an example of those luminous and happy passages into which Mr. Massingham's subject leads him. They are very numerous and natural:—

"One day I saw a fly-catcher sitting motionless at the extreme tip of a dead branch at the top of a tall, decayed larch, the white breast thrown full out into the beams of the sun. The effect was wonderful beyond any tale of it, for the bird seemed like a globe of dew, suffused with light. Here was an aged and dying tree surrendering its soul to heaven in a ball of liquid light, suspended upon its topmost and deadest twig. Then, moving position, I found that the ash-brown of the back had melted into a fragile, pearly grey, as though it were the palest shadow of the bird's iridescent breast. It was a baptism of light."

Such complete reception, emotion, and expression is nothing less than the veritable holding of the mirror up to Nature.

EARLY SPELLBINDING.

Magie in Names. By E. CLODD. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. CLODD is a mature student of the primitive who has all the literature of anthropology and folklore at his fingers' ends, and can be trusted to illustrate with the utmost felicity any principle which he undertakes to consider. He here selects for treatment the tendency to impute to the name as such that capacity for action or passion which, in the eyes of modern matter-of-fact folk, belongs only to the person or thing named. If, in aboriginal Australia, my private name, or personal totem, happens to be Lace Lizard and yours Black Duck, I can plague you by means of a magical "sending" which causes my lizard to throttle the duck within your bosom. At any rate, that is the diagnosis of the medicine-man who is called in to investigate your symptoms; and, for the rest, it stands to reason that to be the cockpit of such forces as the doctor's hypothesis assumes would be a highly unpleasant experience.

Now, whereas there can be little doubt about the facts, which are reported in more or less identical form from every corner of the world, their interpretation is a somewhat more dubious matter. Mr. Clodd, perhaps wisely, does not go very deeply into questions of origin. One may conjecture that his chief interest is to warn mankind that ancient superstition ever lies in our path, ready to bruise the heel of him who cannot or will not bruise its head with the bludgeon of reason. And certainly this is a point of view that must always hold good. There is no reason to suppose that our relative immunity from the more degrading kinds of savage belief is due to any innate superiority of mental outfit. It is simply by education, whether acquired from books or from social intercourse, that we are enabled to suppress the bogeys that lurk in the obscurer depths of every human mind. At the same time there is room also for what might be termed the sympathetic view of the magico-religious outlook of our ancestors. It would be quite untrue to regard as wholly pathological for them a state of mind which we should roundly condemn in a civilized man. It may be worth while, then, to try to get a little further behind the facts than Mr. Clodd sees fit to do, in order to discover why the phenomena here described under the head of magic are the perfectly normal accompaniment of the more rudimentary phases of human development.

To put it quite shortly, magic goes with crowd-consciousness, and, in proportion as men think and behave as a herd, they will be swayed by the power of magic—that is, of suggestion—for good or evil. To deal with the evil side of the picture first. Why is the gregarious savage so ready to succumb to the black art? It is because, instead of trying to think for himself, he blindly imitates those about him, feeling happy and confident just in so far as he plays the sheep. Such nascent individuality as he is aware of in himself is thus rather a source of solicitude than of strength. Whatever is peculiar in him is apt to excite the persecuting tendency of the rest, to render him suspect in their eyes, an object of scorn or envy. Hence, if he would be more than an item, he must set about it furtively, lest society cast the evil eye upon him. What he eats or wears, in so far as it is his, is a potential carrier of bad luck. Nay, he dare not even enjoy openly a name of his own. That is something to be inscribed pictographically on a stone-bullroarer and hidden away in a hole in the ground. For social purposes it is safer to answer to "Hi!'

But there is another side to the picture. It is an axiom of crowd-psychology that every mob must have its ring-leader. Even fashion in dress, that most mobbish of modern tendencies, must be supposed to be ultimately governed by certain designing individuals. Relatively, then, to the rest of the savage society there are always leaders who possess individuality or mana. They are the wonder-workers who control the tribal luck, who cause the rain to fall, and the animals and plants to multiply. All this they are able to do because they have the gift of imposing themselves, of being impressive. They exploit the suggestibility of the average man in his interest no less than in their own. Thus magic, which is the bane of the weak-minded, is the opportunity of the strong-minded. It is the earliest form of that moral, as distinguished from physical, force on which

the art of government must always rest. Magic, then, is on the whole a power that makes for good in the primitive world if, while it causes fools to keep their mouths shut, it confers on sages and seers the authority of inspiration.

THE TURBID EAST.

China, Japan, and Korea. By J. O. P. BLAND. (Heinemann. 21s, net.)

THE already numerous authorities on the next war are generally agreed that whenever and wherever it comes Japan will be well in it. Americans from one point of view and Chinese from another have no hesitation in dogmatizing about that.

There is clearly something to be said for the theory. Japan's incessant growth of population compels her to do one of two things—expand by emigration, or develop such an external trade by economic penetration as to enable her to keep a teeming industrial proletariat in food. If it is a question of emigration, Canada is barred to her. So is the United States. So is Australia. So are the Philippines. China and, to a lesser extent, Korea are overcrowded already. Formosa has an unsuitable climate, and, in any case, the possibilities of settlement there are severely limited.

Where, under those conditions, is Japan to go? One of the highest living authorities on China, asked that question recently, saw no answer anywhere. Mr. Bland, venturing a solution, suggests Manchuria and Mongolia. Chinese settlers are already drifting that way and leaving the impress of their industry on the country, and they have very much more right there than Japan. Nevertheless it would, in Mr. Bland's view, be a wise policy to give Japan special privileges in that area on condition—but only on condition—that she abandons absolutely her claims on Shantung, abrogates the secret military agreements the author charges her with having concluded with the Peking Government, and, in general, gives pledges of fair and open dealing with China all round.

There is no question that the supreme peril of war in the East springs from the fact that China's weakness is Japan's opportunity, and however much Mr. Bland's frequent assumption of the tone of the Treaty Port cynic may irritate, it has to be recognized that his picture of China in disruption—North against South, each of the eighteen provinces pursuing its centrifugal course under a Tuchun buttressed by a rabble of half-brigand troops—is broadly in accordance with fact.

It is a pity Mr. Bland cannot free himself of prepossessions which inevitably provoke opposition to the method, and by an illogical consequence to the conclusions, of his argument. When, for example, without the smallest attempt to cite evidence, he observes of the Southern revolutionary leaders that "their voice was the voice of Young China, but too often there was reason to believe that the unseen hand was the insidious hand of Potsdam in partibus"; or of the Monarchist Chang Hsun that "there was German money behind him, no doubt," he merely calls in question his own competence as a scientific and dispassionate recorder of fact. His allegations may quite possibly be justified. But he adduces not the smallest reason for supposing they are.

Yet with it all Mr. Bland does—perhaps, indeed, only once, but then very notably—pierce far below the surface to the soul and spirit of China:—

"Never," he says in the passage in question, "has there been a race more worthily deserving of protection at the hands of humanity. For, say what you will, that very passive philosophy which exposes China to the rapacity of earth-hungry Powers, approaches more nearly to the essential principles of Christianity, as laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, than the everyday practice of most Christian nations. Here you have a people in very truth 'too proud to fight' because they not only profess but firmly believe that in the long run reason and justice must triumph over force."

That would be a people worth saving both from outside enemies and from itself, if it numbered no more than four million heads. When the tale is four hundred millions, how repul work plun Or is than too e dogn on w the g Hara " wo

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is the urgency of the task multiplied! Mr. Bland's prescription for the second part of the process is simple. Loans to China must be conditional on strict foreign control of expenditure, with the Customs and the Salt Gabelle as model. The troops of the Tuchuns must be disbanded, and, province by province it need be, allegiance to the Central Government must be restored. Can that happen under a republic? Even Lord Bryce, as his recent monumental work indicates, has some misgivings as to China's precipitate plunge into democracy. But has China, in fact, plunged? Or is the China of the Revolution represented by no more than a handful of Western-educated students? It is still too early to answer that question. Mr. Bland, indeed, is dogmatic enough about it, but it is not the kind of point on which his judgment most inspires confidence.

on which his judgment most inspires confidence.

And the outside enemies? Everything there depends on the growth of the power of Liberalism in Japan. "Premier Hara and the Seiyukai Party behind him," says Mr. Bland, "would, I believe, welcome an Anglo-American-Japanese entente and a common reconstructive policy in China." There is some independent evidence to support that conclusion, but the fact remains that the military party still holds an assured dominance at Tokyo.

Mr. Bland complains that on the strength of his earlier books he has been criticized as reactionary. The present volume will not do much to invest him with a different reputation. But it goes too near to the heart of one of the potential storm-centres of the world, and is based on too extensive a personal knowledge, for any student of affairs to ignore it.

EXOTICS.

Egholm and his God. By JOHANNES BUCHHOLTZ. Translated from the Danish by W. W. WORSTER. (Gyldendal. 8s. 6d. net.)

Hunger. By KNUT HAMSUN. Translated from the Norwegian by GEORGE EGERTON. (Duckworth. 8s. 6d. net.)

THESE two vivid, curious, interesting tales have not a little in common, though "Egholm and his God" is a mature, convincing piece of work, "Hunger" a not quite successful experiment-it is, in fact, Knut Hamsun's first novel, and was written, and even translated into English, more than twenty years ago. Both books, it may as well be said at once, are utterly sordid in theme, and the theme in each case is the demoralizing, ruinous effect of poverty upon a highly strung, imaginative nature. Both, too, are characterized by an almost naïve simplicity and frankness, while at the same time the fascination they possess is undoubtedly the rather dubious fascination of the morbid. We read on with an eager and uneasy curiosity, but when the book is closed no impression of beauty, nor indeed of any pleasant thing, remains behind. We have a sense only of wounded, exasperated nerves, of broken lives and spirits, of squalor, futility, waste, and madness. And this is the weakness of these books. They cling too closely to their raison d'être, which is the exhibition of a diseased state of mind, body, and soul. But here they part company; for while "Hunger is a purely pathological study, "Egholm" is something more. The hero of "Hunger" is not representative of anything except himself. He is not even sane. The novel is a mere chronicle of his visions and deliriums, waking and sleeping, when it is not a description of the physical effects upon his stomach of the presence or absence of food, and from start to finish the situation remains unchanged. deliriums, these mental and moral divagations, may be true or may be false: we have no means of judging of them. At most, all we can say is that some are presented convincingly, while others leave us sceptical.

From every point of view "Egholm" is a better, a more satisfying book. Egholm himself, it is true, is an even less attractive person than the nameless hero of Hamsun's novel. He is a religious neurasthenic, with flashes of intelligence; he is cruel, selfish, quite unbalanced, but, on the other hand, he does not monopolize the stage. We have other characters, all brilliantly drawn, and three of them—the boy Sivert, his sister, and his mother—are sympathetic. Over these three

persons the hideous God of Egholm broods like an incubus, the girl alone finding strength to repulse it. A gloomy book, naturally, filled with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, but relieved by a few brief passages of an almost pathetic charm, and possessing a genuine imaginative quality and an intellectual sanity which save it.

In neither of these novels is there any story, if by story we mean a contrived plot with a beginning, a middle, and an end. In "Hunger" the story is simply the craving of a physical appetite twice or thrice gratified in the course of the book; in "Egholm" it is a less material craving, never satisfied at all. For Egholm is an idealist, though his ideal may be a distorted one. It is true he has never been reduced to quite such straits as the hero of "Hunger," yet poverty has spoiled his life also. Poverty has warped his nature and tortured his nerves, and a gloomy religion has added the last touch. He is a coward, a liar, a bully, an egotist; it is even only by accident that he is not a criminal, a murderer; yet he is not bad. This is the amazing psychological truth which only the subtlety of a fine artist could have brought home to us. Egholm is a dreamer, and things have gone wrong with him, and his dreams have turned to nightmares; he is an idealist, and things have gone wrong with him, and his ideals have become a mockery and a despair which he is too weak not to vent upon those in his power. The fault is "the fault of fatality." With better luck he might have been a successful inventor, a rich man, and all his family happy. He is unfortunate, and a dream of glory sinks to that pitiful "burnt-offering" with which, in the end, he "heaps coals of fire" on the head of his God.

Both tales break off leaving everything still uncertain.

Their threads float out into the wide world, but the author ceases to follow them. The only difference is that Johannes Buchholtz has placed these threads firmly in the reader's grasp, has given his imagination wings, has supplied the additional impulse lent by suggestion and desire; Knut Hamsun has not.

FORREST REID.

Foreign Literature.

THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.

La Réforme en Italie. Par E. RODOCANACHI. Two vols. (Paris: Picard. 10 fr. each.)

Ir Valdès in Naples was the soul of the Italian attempt at a Reformation of the Church, the movement had its greatest political strength in Ferrara, where Renée de France, wife of Duke Ercole d'Este, extended her protection to all opponents of the Holy See. Hence it is but natural that M. Rodocanachi, her biographer, should complete his work with an account of the Protestant movement, if we may so call it, in Italy. Renée, the patroness of Marot, was a follower of Calvin, with whom she corresponded, but the Italian reformers were Lutherans almost to a man, though Calvinism made some headway in Piedmont at a later date. The people that had given birth to the Renaissance was not likely to accept Predestination, which was virtually equivalent to a renunciation of all the Renaissance had achieved.

The desire for reform was widespread, but it was to be a Catholic reform of the Church rather than a reform of the Catholic Church. Even the most advanced reformers were extraordinarily unwilling to break with the existing Church, being carried out of it almost in spite of themselves, when they realized the hopelessness of finding contentment within its fold. In this admirably arranged book M. Rodocanachi sets forth the many causes which had given rise to the general desire for reform. The corruptness of the priests and monks was an important factor, but the state of the Eternal City at the height of the Renaissance, more especially during the Pontificate of Leo X., did not shock Italians, who took it for granted, as it shocked foreign visitors like Luther or Ulrich von Hutten. Humanism contributed not a little to the undermining of faith by its exaltation of man as man, the individualism of its artistic outlook on life, and even by the new value it gave to the old

mythology. One remembers the story of Bembo, a Cardinal, making Sadoleto promise not to read the Epistles of St. Paul for fear of corrupting his style. Philosophy played but a small part in the Renaissance, but its claims to be on an equality with, or even independent of, religion made it a dangerous rival. The revival of the study of Hebrew had far-reaching effects. Such were the inaccuracies that were discovered in the accepted versions of the Scriptures that the Popes themselves were obliged to undertake two revisions. Naturally, this tended to weaken the belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. As to the immorality of the clergy, it was so generally admitted, as was that of the nuns, that one has simply to accept the fact that chastity was not expected by public opinion, and at a time when moral standards were so universally relaxed this is hardly to be wondered at. We find even that devout reformer Ochino proclaiming in his Dialogues that if we pray God earnestly to make us continent and He refuses our prayer we have the right to take a concubine as well as a wife, since it is impossible to sin in obeying God and doing what He clearly desires us to do. But this immorality naturally weakened the hold of the Church upon the devout, as well as upon

the cynical, as the pasquinades of the time go to show.

M. Redocanachi gives a systematic account of the leading figures of the movement, which made itself felt in all the principal cities of Italy. Most of them sooner or later found their way to Naples, in order to make the acquaintance of Valdès. Here the Reformation secured its most distinguished convert in Caracciolo, whose defection caused consternation not only in his family and city, but in the whole Church of Rome, so great was the prestige of his name. Round Valdès, too, are grouped those three noble women of the Renaissance: Giulia Gonzaga, Caterina Cibò and Vittoria Colonna. Vittoria Colonna, though intimate with most of the leading reformers, never seriously leaned towards Lutheranism, but death alone saved Giulia Gonzaga from the Inquisition. After seeing her papers, Pius V. declared that had he read them earlier he would certainly

have burnt her alive.

The second volume deals with the measures by which reform was ultimately stamped out in Italy. Clearly there were two sides to the process. must be rooted out, the discipline of the Church had also to be restored and the immorality of the clergy checked in order to win back the best of the erring sheep, whose heretical leanings were due to moral rather than doctrinal causes. The first measures taken were hopelessly ineffective. The sack of Rome weakened Papal authority still further in the days of Clement VII., while the presence of the German soldiery greatly encouraged heresy. When the Carafa Pope, Paul IV., was elected the situation had become serious. But during the four short years of his rule the whole situation While in Madrid he had underwent a complete change. been struck with the efficiency of the Spanish Inquisition, as compared with that in Italy, where three rival Inquisitions—the episcopal, the local, and the Papal—often squabbled for authority in the same town. As Cardinal he had made it his life work to build up a strong Inquisition in Rome, and during his Pontificate he set it on a firm basis. To Paul IV. we also owe the Index.

But Italy was not Spain. Men imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance were not likely to submit tamely to a restoration of ecclesiastical power in its worst form. Everywhere there was opposition, not merely from the people, who often rescued prisoners of the Inquisition, but from the civil authorities, who resented interference with their rights. Nowhere was the opposition greater than in the provinces under Spanish rule, in Naples, in Sicily, and Milan. But Charles V.'s whips were duly succeeded by Philip II.'s scorpions. The brutal suppression and extermination of the Waldenses, a large and flourishing colony of whom had established themselves in the province of Cosenza in Calabria and in other parts of the South, could only have occurred under Spanish rule. Even Cardinal Borromeo made but slow progress in Milan, but he triumphed at last, and the King of Spain told the new Governor in 1583: "We are not sending you as Governor of our province of Milan, but as minister of Carlo Borromeo."

M. Rodocanachi has invariably the same story to tell at the end of his exhaustive inquiries into the history of the

Reform movement in each of the different provinces, during the course of which he tabulates the executions and the details of immorality among the clergy as methodically as a library catalogue. By the opening of the seventeenth century the peace of the Church was no longer seriously troubled. Piedmont was long a grievous eyesore to the faithful, the Calvinist leanings of Marguerite of France proving a great obstacle to the counter-reformation. The convents were in a shocking state. We actually read of a bishop gracing the opening ball of the season given by the nuns in their convent, monks often being among their partners. wonder the authorities warned the Pope that it was hopeless to expect an improvement so long as the welfare of the souls and bodies of the sisters was left in the hands of the monks. As always, the independent and broadminded Venetian oligarchy offered effective resistance to Papal encroachment. In 1550 a general council of all the Italian Anabaptists was actually held in Venice, and in no circumstances would the Serenissima allow public burnings of heretics to replace the speedy and secret method of drowning in the lagoons, since the sight of the edifying deaths of victims at the stake only served to impress the spectators.

Full details are given of the founding of the new orders, which did so much to strengthen the Papacy and purify the Church, the most notable among them being, of course, the Jesuits. But, after all, it is in the national character that we must look for the causes of the failure of the Reformation in Italy, where for a time everything seemed to be in its favor. The gloomy side of Calvinism and of much of the reformed religion of the North, with the prominence given to the horrors of Hell, was, in spite of Dante, as repugnant to the average Italian as the Spanish Inquisition. The bright pagan element in Italian Catholicism, expressed even in the attitude of easy familiarity towards the saints, amply compensates for any lack of the higher spiritual qualities.

L. C.-M.

From the Publishers' Table.

Messes. Heinemann announce that Sir Hall Caine's new novel, "The Master of Man," will be published late in July at the now unfamiliar price of six shillings, and equally well printed and produced with the six-shilling novel before the war. The first impression, consisting of no fewer than 100,000 copies, partly indicates how such "sweet reasonableness" is possible.

Professor Harper, Professor of English at Princeton, has, after prolonged endeavors, discovered the birth and marriage certificates of Wordsworth's French daughter, in both of which Wordsworth's name is given; and round these documents he has collected sufficient material for a volume which the Princeton University Press will issue.

From the collection of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, sundry pieces of seventeenth-century verse which have not been printed hitherto, or which only exist in the single examples there, are to be published under the alluring title "A Little Ark." The compiler does not claim that the poems are of remarkable merit, but that they are all interesting to the poetical antiquary; and, indeed, new poems by Edmund Waller, Robert Davenport, and Shirley, to mention a few, could not be otherwise. Mr. P. J. Dobell, 8, Bruton Street, W. 1, invites applications for copies.

An unusually fine array of booksellers' catalogues lies before us. Mr. Francis Edwards, specialist of specialists, has 350 items under the heading "Topography of Kent and Sussex," many of them unique budgets of engravings and original water-colors. The topographers of his list have produced such desirable books that we can only conjecture what a catalogue the older poets and general writers of these counties might make.

Messes. Dobell (of Bruten Street) conjure up rarities at will, their third catalogue including a presentation copy

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of "Poems by S. T. Coleridge, Second Edition; to which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd," from Lamb to his schoolfellow Marmaduke Thompson; Shelley's own "Iliad"; "Gebir," 1798, given by Landor to Browning; and so on. Samuel Butler collectors, among others, should refer to this list.

Two lists have been issued lately by Messrs. Chaundy at their Maddox Street establishment. (Messrs. Chaundy, by the way, are publishing a set of bibliographies of the moderns, beginning with Bridges and Masefield—an excellent venture.) No. 49 is full of first editions and fine books, including one extraordinary set of proof-sheets from the Daniel Press with inserted letters from Lewis Carroll and others. No. 50 is of rank-and-file literature arranged by price. Messrs. Heffer also, in their 199th catalogue, have a great many classics and several recent first editions; while Mr. John Grant, of Edinburgh, appears rather to set his face against the moderns, pricing, among some very useful books in general literature, three "firsts" of Mr. Binyon at 6s. 6d. together and two of Mr. Blunt at 4s.

MR. WALTER G. NEALE, of Dublin, includes some rare Shelley items in his May catalogue. He offers for £150 the first edition of "A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom. By the Hermit of Marlow," only one copy of which has appeared in the London salerooms during the past twenty years. A first edition of "Adonais" appears at £100 and of "Epipsychidion" at £75. There is an inscribed copy of "Laon and Cythna" amongst Tom Moore's books now in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy. But Shelley first editions are not so common in Dublin as they were when Shelley flung his pamphlets from a first-floor window in Sackville Street at likely passers-by. Dowden had the best of the luck when he found on a Dublin book-barrow the unique presentation copy addressed by Shelley to Mary Godwin. In August, 1881, he wrote: "On Saturday I had a most intoxicating success as a book-hunter. Providence has been very good to me! Lang confesses that he never once was blessed with a bargain. And I got that unique Shelley which I sold to the British Museum. Well, on Saturday, at my dear friend old Patrick Tighe's little hole in Anglesea Street, I got for 2s. the original 'Epipsychidion '-for two shillings!"

A Hundred Bears Ago.

1821: CONTROVERSIES-II.

ELLISTON, Lamb's immortal, was in the summer of 1821 preparing a masked fête. It occurred to him that the masquerade could be improved by the presence of a M. Chalons, then in some favor as an exponent of legerdemain; and with the object of engaging this artist Elliston went one Thursday evening behind the scenes at the Adelphi Theatre, where M. Chalons had been for some time performing. This action came to the ears of Mr. Rodwell, proprietor of the Adelphi, who wrote next morning:—

"SIR,—I understand you have had the temerity to intrude yourself behind the curtain of my theatre.—In order to spare you a greater mortification I have ordered the doorkeepers to refuse you admission should you again present yourself.

Retaliation was as follows :-

"RODWELL,—I have heard of a puddle in a storm and of a puppy in a passion, and I can only say that I scorn the one and laugh at the other.
"Elliston."

This for some reason brought Rodwell with a horse-whip round to Drury Lane. He saw Elliston; he demanded if the note was in his handwriting. It was. Rodwell at once exercised his whip. Before the third stripe had fallen, however, Elliston succeeded in laying his enemy low by the instrumentality of a "night-preserver." (It may be remarked that a night-preserver consisted of three pieces of cane

twisted to form a baton about twelve inches in length, with a formidable ball of lead at the end.) The fight continued, tending to show the inferiority of the horse-whip, until the house was alarmed. And now there was a fresh dispute. Rodwell declared that Elliston had been horse-whipped. Elliston appeared to disagree. The affair ended for the time being at Bow Street next day.

There has just been published by the Society of Pure English a tract on the "Englishing of French Words," in which Brander Matthews makes brilliant fun of some hoity-toityisms of speech and journalism. We are reminded of a communication in the "New Monthly Magazine" for 1821, "On Innovations in the English Language." The writer denied that he was "one of those crabbed, superannuated mortals who think every innovation a crime, every improvement an evil. . . No, sir, I have seen the important changes of round-toed, spider-toed, and square-toed shoes without a particle of disgust," and proceeded to attack "the absurd and increasing obtrusion of foreign words, and of foreign pronunciation, into our language."

One of the words with which Brander Matthews deals is ennui: this word, he says, cannot be spared; "it is a fact that ennui has been adopted. So long ago as 1805 Sydney Smith used it as a verb, and said that he had been ennuied. Why not therefore frankly and boldly pronounce it as English—ennwee?" Our "New Monthly" correspondent of 1821 thought it could be spared:—

"The word ennui has lately made more rapid strides among us than its laziness would seem to countenance . . . surely it is enough to give an Englishman the vapours to twist his jaws to the barbarous attempt at ong-wee. The trial is ridiculous, and while for our comfort we have lassitude, weariness, spleen, languor, and the blue-devils at command, I should think our vocabulary is as rich and copious as the heart of melancholy itself could desire."

Almost immediately afterwards he falls upon "the horrid jargon of ayd-de-caung, sang-froy, bong-tong, shay-doo-ver, bong-mo, ecclaw, see-de-vaung, rong-de-voo, o-ture, day-numaung, tray, day-bu, and such-like trash, which is likely to delude us to infinity."

Another passage of singular modern interest in this letter of 1821 is this:—

"Who does not remember when the contending armies were hovering (vulture-like) in the neighbourhood of Ypres, and how did my poor countrymen distress themselves, or their few knowing friends, with the pronunciation of this word so familiar to French understandings! One called it wypres, another yerps, a third whipprees, and while nebody was right, the belligerouts were slaughtering each other with as little ceremony or compunction as this poor name was mangled by our cobbler politicians, or mechanic newsmongers."

The communication was signed "J. L." Its downright and eloquent style, with the signature and one or two minor indications, suggest that it was the work of Charles Lamb's brother John. It appeared in September, 1821: John Lamb died on October 26th.

Science.

SUNSPOTS.

The chief importance of the sun to modern astronomy consists in the fact that it is a star. Discoveries respecting the physical constitution of the sun, its origin and probable fate, may be generalized and applied with considerable confidence to some millions of similar objects scattered through the heavens. The class of stars to which the sun belongs is an intermediate class; there are many larger and younger stars, and there are a good number smaller and older; it belongs to the class of stars which have somewhat passed their prime. Seen from a sufficient distance, it would take its place as a rather ordinary member of the heavenly host, and in this double fact that it is fairly representative and may be examined at close quarters, a large part of its importance to astronomy lies. If we were observing the sun from an average stellar distance, we should probably notice slight

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fluctuations in its light; there is reason to suppose that we should class the sun as a "variable" star. The reason for supposing this is the existence of sunspots.

When Galileo turned his telescope on the sun he discovered that its supposed immaculate surface was spotted. The news was a shock to the educated opinion of his time. His opponents, who did not look through the telescope, maintained that the spots could not be there, for the very simple reason that spots could not there, for the very simple reason that spots could not exist on a perfect body. But an a priori truth cannot hold out for ever against observed facts, and the sun continued to present a spotted surface to successive observers. It was not till many years had elapsed that anything much was discovered about sunspots beyond the bare fact of their existence. The first important addition to our knowledge of them was the outcome of a research devoted to quite other ends. Heinrich Schwabe, one of the most patient of amateur astronomers, observed the sun daily, except when interrupted by unfavorable weather, for a period of twenty-five years, from 1826 to 1851. His object in doing this was to discover a planet between Mercury and the sun. If was to discover a planet between interestry and the sun. It such a planet existed, it should, he thought, pass frequently across the sun's surface, when it should be perceptible as a small black dot. But his instrumental equipment, a telescope of only three inches aperture, would be quite inadequate to distinguish between this minute dot and a small sunspot. Therefore he always counted the number of sunspots, so that, day by day, he could see if they had received an inexplicable addition. He did not discover a planet, but on comparing his records of sunspots, he found that they fell into a cycle. The sun's alternations of spot activity were not purely random; they fell from a maximum to a minimum, and then reached a maximum again. The complete cycle then reached a maximum again. took, he calculated, ten years. This discovery was very important, and the reason for sunspot periodicity is not yet understood. Schwabe's discovery of periodicity has been fully confirmed; the period he gave, however, has been slightly revised, and it is now considered that a period of 11½ years best represents the observed fluctuations.

The amount of light per unit of area emitted from a sunspot is less than that emitted from the normal sun's surface, so that variations in the area covered by sunspots are attended by variations in the quantity of light emitted from the sun. These variations, as we have seen, have a period of 11½ years. The area covered by sunspots may sometimes be very considerable. The wellknown spot of February 4th to February 15th, 1917, covered an area of 3,500 million square miles, and the spot of February 7th, 1905, was even larger, having an area of 3,800 million square miles. The structure of such enormous spots, and the changes in their form, are often very complicated, although certain fundamental characteristics persist. Sunspots have been divided into five main types, but the chief type of spot is the double spot. A pair of spots condenses from small, scattered markings, and one spot seems to trail after the other across the sun's disc. Such groups have been called by Such groups have been called by Professor Hale bipolar groups, and he has made the important discovery that they exhibit opposite magnetic polarity. Such spots are attended, apparently, by tremendous whirlpools of electrons, these whirlpools causing, in accordance with the ordinary rule relating an electric current and its magnetic field, an axial magnetic force. The intensity of these magnetic fields is sometimes very high, reaching occasionally to nine thousand times the intensity of the earth's magnetic field. The phenomena presented by such spots are numerous and varied, and there is no theory which has yet succeeded in including all details of their appearance. It is sometimes assumed, however, that the very dark central portion of a spot, the umbra, is the seat of an enormous uprush of hot gases which, on reaching the cooler upper regions of the sun, condense and sink down, forming the penumbra with its curious filamental structure. It is estimated that the temperature of a sunspot is about 3,500 degrees Centigrade, so that their dark appearance is merely an effect of contrast against the rest of the sun's surface, for they are, in reality, brighter than any terrestrial source

of illumination. The rest of the sun's surface, however, is at about 6,000 degrees Centigrade, and a recent investigation gives reason to suppose that the temperature of the interior of the sun reaches twice that figure.

Several attempts have been made to relate other phenomena to the periodic activity that produces sunspots. An indisputable connection can be shown to exist between variations in sunspot activity and variations in the strength of the earth's magnetic field. If the variations in these two classes of phenomena be plotted in curves their resemblance is too great to be attributed to mere coincidence. That a connection exists is undoubted, and the mechanism of the connection now forms the subject of elaborate theoretical investigations. Another variable phenomenon, the solar "prominences," uprushes of flaming gas extending, sometimes, half a million miles above the sun's surface, has not yet been shown to have any strict relation to the sunspot variations. Attempts have also been made to associate sunspots with meteorological variations, but, so far, with very little success. A systematic measurement of temperature variations in certain centres is now being and it is attempted to relate these with periodical varia-tions in the sun's radiation. These researches, however, are still in a preliminary state. An interesting, but not very conclusive, isolated result was reached by the Abbé Moreux, who found that the times of minimum occurrence of icebergs in the Atlantic during the years 1888 to 1915 corresponded to the times of maximum sunspot activity during that period.

Music.

A NEW COMEDY OF MASKS.

THE true comedy of masks belonged not to the eighteenth century, as is sometimes imagined by those who make its acquaintance for the first time in the pages of Goldoni and Gozzi, but to the seventeenth and earlier. Goldoni killed it, Gozzi revived it; but in reviving it he made it what it is for us foreigners and moderns. Goldoni's Pantalone, Arlecchino, and Brighella, as long as he kept them on the stage, were part of the normal middle-class world. The masks which they had brought with them from the dark ages were the signs of their trade, relics of a time when an actor was a vagabond and a fantastic; Goldoni made them take them off, and settle down as normal members of middle-class society. That was the end of them. When Gozzi revived them, he recreated them, as Vernon Lee so aptly says, in the spirit of Hoff-They are no longer fantastic figures in a normal mann. world, but normal figures in a still more fantastic one. They were normal at least, with their everyday Bergamask and Venetian humor, among the kings and princesses of Gozzi's fairyland, and yet at the same time more fantastic and imaginary in their grotesque personalities than they had ever been in the everyday Bergamo or Venice of Goldoni. Even as far back as the days of Gozzi they had become literary conventions, as

Vernon Lee is the real initiator of the vogue which the comedy of masks has enjoyed during the last twenty years or so, although the vogue is not confined to England and Italy, but is international. Germany had never quite lost touch with Gozzi, for Hoffmann had inherited his simultaneous sense of the miraculous and the ridiculous. Besides, Schiller had translated and adapted Gozzi's play, "Turandot," and Weber had composed incidental music to it. A few years before the war Reinhardt, with his usual instinct for the mood of the moment, put a new version of "Turandot" on the stage at Berlin, and engaged Busoni to write new incidental music for it. The music was afterwards made up into a suite for orchestra; two intermezzi were also transcribed for pianoforte and published among the "Elegies." The play was given in an English version at the St. James's

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STABILIZING PRICES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

OPTIMISM is a virtue to be cultivated. And my optimism lies in the policy of Truth. This unsterllised instrument is the only clean weapon to be used in commerce, politics, love, war or peace.

In commerce I believe in taking the public into my confidence. Therefore I will state my policy for 1921.

Trade is precarious and unemployment rampant because we cannot trade internationally until the foreign rates of exchange are stabilized, and we cannot trade to any extent internally until the fluctuating markets have reached a fixed

. That is why I have determined, irrespective of profit or loss, to stabilize the price of West-End Lounge Suits.

To arrive at the irreducible minimum for 1921 it is essential that the public should realise that West-End tailoring is double and the cost of materials is treble that of pre-war. These are facts.

I have fixed my minimum for Lounge Suits at Ten Guineas. At this figure there will be little personal profit to me. This is a fact known by my Chartered Accountants now, and one which will be known by the Inland Revenue later.

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Theatre, but not much of Busoni's music was allowed to survive on that occasion. In 1912 Busoni's opera, "Die Brautwahl," was produced at Hamburg. Hoffmann's story has nothing to do with the comedy of masks, but one can see how Hoffmann, consciously or not, carries on the tradition in another language. The two lovers are the regular Lelio and Flaminia of old Italian comedy; the old father is Pantalone transferred from Venice to the Berlin of 1820, the two comic suitors are parodies of the German official and the German Jew that might, if Germany had had its own mask tradition, have been types as fixed and lasting as Tartaglia and Truffaldino. No sooner had "Die Brautwahl" made its appearance than Busoni began sketching another opera, starting this time from the original Italian comedy. Strauss had introduced the masks into his "Ariadne," but without the remotest understanding of their personalities. To the healthy German mind all Italians look alike, and all are equally ridiculous; such an attitude towards foreigners is characteristic of other nations too.

The libretto of "Arlecchino" was finished just as

the war broke out, and the music was written during 1915 and 1916 at Zürich. The play is set in Bergamo towards 1790, but it is no pedantic reconstruction of forgotten things. Its costume is merely the modern substitute for the mask which signified to the spectators of old that, as in Vecchi's "Amfiparnaso," the theatre of the masks was the theatre of the world and of all time.
"Arlecchino" was performed at Zürich in 1916, and to fill up the evening Busoni took up his old incidental music to "Turandot," and rewrote it as a short comic opera, constructing his own libretto, working directly on Gozzi without reference to Schiller. There were two performances in Germany, at Frankfurt and Cologne, just before the Revolution, but the operas were given under considerable difficulties, and the production at Berlin, which took place last month, was regarded as practically equivalent to a first performance, since it was the first performance in Germany under the composer's personal direction.

"Turandot" is an amusing little chinoiserie. It is the old story of the hard-hearted princess who refuses all her suitors unless they can answer the three riddles which she puts to them. Its novelty and charm lie in the introduction of the mask actors, Tartaglia and Pantalone as a pair of comic Ministers of State and Truffaldino as chief eunuch. Busoni has compressed the five acts of Gozzi into two, preserving all the essentials, and just indicating the characters in a few sharp outlines. To a listener unfamiliar with Italian comedy the stammering of Tartaglia and Pantalone's Venetian allusions must be rather obscure, but in any case they are a delightfully laughable pair. The music is, for the most part, in Busoni's earlier manner, familiar to English audiences in the "Comedy Overture"; it must be admitted that he speaks Chinese with a decidedly German accent.

"Arlecchino" represents his maturer style. In

"Arlecchino" represents his maturer style. In "Turandot" there is a small amount of spoken dialogue; in "Arlecchino" the principal character never sings at all, except for a few bars off the stage. Those who have seen Mozart's "Seraglio" must often have felt that Selim, who has nothing to sing, is practically a nonentity, since he never has a chance of holding his own among the singing characters. Arlecchino, on the other hand, holds his own and, indeed, dominates the whole play by never singing, because although he never sings, he is always in the midst of the music. The whole of his part is spoken, but it is in sentences with a strongly marked rhythm, fitted in accurately to the music like a recitative. It is a part that requires a man who is an actor, a dancer, and an accomplished musician. At Zürich it was played by Moissi, at Berlin by Lothar Müthel, whose acting and speaking were quite the most brilliant features of the performance.

It is a harlequinade which pokes fun at everything which comes in its way. When the curtain rises Ser Matteo, an elderly tailor, is sitting at his work outside his shop, reading Dante at the same time. On the balcony above his head, Arlecchino is making love to his wife. Suddenly he jumps down, frightening the tailor out of

his wits, and tells him that the Germans are invading Bergamo. He reappears a moment later as an officer, accompanied by two Pickwickian recruits, whom he puts through their catechism:—

"What's a soldier? A thing that gives itself up. A costume everybody knows. A one-Hundred-Thousandth. Synthetic man.—What's Right? What one collars from someone else.—What's the Fatherland? Family quarrels. You're soldiers and you've to fight for Right and Fatherland: don't you forget it!"

He smacks the Pickwickian private over the paunch with his wooden sword, and calls up Matteo, who refuses to part with his Dante. Colombina, Arlecchino's deserted wife, appears, and he evades her as Don Giovanni does Elvira; then follows a delightful scene with Leandro, an operatic tenor, a trovatorino, who makes love to her in a style that sums up all Italian opera from Scarlatti to Verdi. Arlecchino, looking this time more like Byron, interrupts the duet, runs the tenor through, and leaves him to be restored to life by Colombina, the Doctor, and the Abbé, both of whom are in distinctly cheerful mood as they come out of the tavern. Arlecchino runs off with Matteo's wife, and Matteo comes back alone; the war has been a false alarm, and he settles down to his tailoring and his Dante again.

There is no real plot; it is just a series of amusing episodes in which Busoni—or Harlequin—makes merry over life and over the stage. The tenor, like the players in Mozart's "Musical Joke," is always getting into the wrong key; the Doctor and the Abbé, whenever they appear, set the other characters to work at an old-fashioned operatic ensemble: Mattee declaims Dante to fragments of "Fin ch' han dal vino," the soldiers march on to a tune of Donizetti. And across and across the whole play leaps the figure of Harlequin, dancing, shouting, slashing, and chattering. For this brief hour we are back in Bergamo, the city of fools, and it is only music, and the witty, exhilarating music of Busoni, that can recreate it for us.

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THOUGHTS ON THE DANCER'S ART.

A LOVER of dancing might be tempted to sum up the evolution of the ballet in the last twenty years in the three words—faithfulness, Fokine, futility. That would not be entirely just (a thing which lovers seldom are), but it would give the essence of the changes we have seen. A venerable tradition that had formed generations of great dancers was felt to need modification; the task of remodelling was attempted, and then, in the impatience which is the vice of modernity, the task was abandoned and the doors flung open to chaos.

Such a statement will, no doubt, provoke a shrug of the shoulders. In every province of art, to-day, it will be said, the struggle is between academicism and the new spirit, and academicism is doomed. In the sphere of the ballet it especially deserved its doom. The steps and poses of the ballerina had become an insipid convention, a handful of rules admitting neither reform nor novelty, the sterilization of the art of dancing. Even the ideal of grace which the traditional ballet schools uphold, which runs back to the frieze of the Parthenon, was no longer realized in anything like purity. What claimed to be classic had become rococo, and between the pupil of Noverre or Blasis and the latest product of La Scala or Petersburg there had come to be all the gulf that separates Pheidias from Bernini. The time has arrived for the Epstein of the ballet.

The indictment is worth examining. It contains a profound fallacy. It would be untrue to say that the art of the ballet is incapable of evolution. It is a long way from Camargo to Taglioni, and a long way, again, from Taglioni to Zambelli. The line, however, is on the whole direct. What is attempted, sometimes with more,

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June

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sometimes with less success, is to draw out the potentiali-ties of the human body. The body in its entirety with ties of the human body. the laws that govern its movement remains the point of departure for the whole study. But observe, at once, that if this is so the analogy, so often pleaded, between the maître de ballet and the painter or the sculptor, breaks down entirely. Your modern portraitist disclaims representation"; your modern sculptor claims the right to abstraction. The dancer, on the other hand, cannot abstract from his body or from any part of it. He cannot, except by idle and clumsy trickery, assimilate Japanese kakemono. He is, and must ever be, as the most realistic, the most "classical," painter or sculptor would reproduce him, and his æsthetics must be theirs. If you desire only "character" in dancing, no doubt a If you desire only "character" in dancing, no doubt a wide range of variety is opened—the bouffons in "Armide," for instance, are exhilarating, but not beautiful. If, on the other hand, you seek beauty of form, and you cannot resign yourself really to forgo it, you must accept the limitations of your medium. The you must accept the limitations of your medium. lines of the human form are fixed; its gracious movements are bound by laws inviolable. Its glory is not the glory of variety. You have a choice, perhaps, between Pheidias and Praxiteles. It is, after all, only by dancers that this principle is ever denied. Jockeys may adopt a monkey-crouch to win a race, but the laws of beautiful horsemanship do not vary. An ugly fencer may be a deadly duellist, but the poise of a graceful swordsman is never altered.

It was the fashion once to oppose the school of the ballet to that revival of pure Greek standards initiated by Isadora Duncan. We have not the least hesitation in saying that the conflict was imaginary. If anyone doubts it, let him refer to what is practically the only scientific treatise on dancing ever written, Maurice Emmanuel's "L'Orchestique Grecque.'' There he will see how modern ballet dancing has slowly been elaborated by vigorous, patient application of Greek principles. been an effort to develop and enrich them, not to abolish That it has here and there overreached itself, like all sustained technical disciplines (though the Greek winged Victories appear often on their pointes), is a charge that need not be disputed. That Madame Duncan should have recalled it to first principles by a deliberate recurrence to the restricted, but perfect, technique of its original models was a great benefit to it. It is true that while there has been a succession of great ballerinas, Duncan has had no worthy disciples (which simply proves that reactions are rarely creative), but from the union of the ballet and Duncan sprang Fokine, and his disciple Bolm, perhaps the last great maître de ballet. A work like "Les Sylphides" represents a true and powerful advance along those classical lines which can alone save dancing from hopping eccentricities. If that particular ballet was rather a pruning away of superfluous complexities than a fresh application of the eternal principles, Fokine showed elsewhere the abundance of his He was (he still is, we may hope) a original vigor. master of harmonies because he so rarely transgressed the laws of his art.

"N'était-il, à la lettre, ce que nous entendons aujourd'hui par un dieu? Il signifiait un plaisir tout à fait exempt de douleur, un mouvement libre et un acte pur."

M. Maurras uses these words of one of the relics on the Acropolis; they can be applied as well to the

creations of a Fokine.

We prefer that the reader should make his own application of these principles to such belauded products of the latest school as "The Good-humored Ladies" or "Children's Tales." We must, on the other hand, point out that these principles are illustrated afresh by the brilliant "Cuadro Flamenco," which has been brought from Spain to reinforce the Russian troupe during the present season at the Prince's. Here you have a group of superb dancers representing the least academic thing in the world, the development of popular, national dancing in wineshops and inn-yards. Here is something ablaze with life, the triumphant, unforced expression of passion and joy. The phrase "to bring down the house"

acquires a fresh meaning when you hear the shout that breaks from the audience, like the bursting of a dyke, at the end of that whirling Jota Aragonesa by La Lopez and El Moreno. But is there in the art of these terrific Spaniards a trace of "go as you please" or individualism? On the contrary; subtract the steps which are a peculiar national heritage, and you see underlying the whole performance the old, the unchanging principles of beauty and force. How little transformation—a matter of costumes and weapons—would be needed to make a Pyrrhic dance out of the Tango Gitano by Rojas and El Tejero? Or consider Maria Dalbaicin, indisputably the queen of these delightful visitors. Her dancing is an expression of primitive, almost ferocious, energy, but stamped all the time by the most rigorous care for formal grace. Observe the symmetry, the gliding curves, the exquisite wreathing of the arms. Why should a gipsy in a cabaret, you ask, worry about these conventions of the schools? Simply because they are not conventions at all, but the ineluctable terms of high achievement.

D. L. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Independent Gallery: Paris Cafés and Gardens, by Nina Hamnett. Pictures by Othon Friesz.

THE bon bourgeois will doubtless never quite appreciate the part played in the education of modern artists by the cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris. The untidy young men and women who lounge about these cafés most of the night and a great deal of the day will always appear to the average man of the world to be merely wasting their time and evading the tedium of serious study. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the average man is perfectly right, but he is wrong in the hundredth case; and because he is wrong there he is wrong altogether. For in art only the hundredth case matters, and no one can tell which is the hundredth case while an artist is still in the café-haunting stage. The education provided by the Montparnasse cafés differs from ordinary education in that it is not designed for the benefit of the average student, but purely and solely for the purposes of the exceptional student. Young men and women, who imagine that they have talents for the arts, can find their level in these cafés, which constitute a kind of informal club. They can find, not, of course, the level of their potential achievement, but their level as individuals in the world of creative endeavor. Potential artists are born in all countries, in all ranks of society; they arrive at adolescence with a hundred different kinds of prejudices, which they must shed before the spirit is free to receive direct impressions from life. The Paris café is a melting-pot where these prejudices can be discarded; where provincial creeds and provincial achievements must be set against universal standards, and where bearings can be taken before relatively safe waters are left and the ocean-journey begun. It is also, incidentally, a place where food, drink, light, and warmth cost little, and where the artist's eye can be trained to see plastic and pictorial possibilities in everyday things.

It is evident that Miss Nina Hamnett has made good use of the education afforded by the famous cafés. Her drawings demonstrate that she has already set about the discarding process. The world is now her oyster, and she is proceeding to open it apace. She has begun with the café and the Luxembourg Gardens, because they are near at hand, but it is easy to see that she will venture further afield in the near future. She has a sense of silhouette and pattern, an attractive stylistic facility, and an obviously quite real comprehension of the nature of the modern French painter's attitude to art

Monsieur Othon Friesz has passed the café stage in his education. If he revisits the cafés on the Boulevard Montparnasse it is for recreation only, or as a man revisits his school or university. He has passed beyond the stage of fierce arguments and defiant rebellion. After twenty years

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 Aristotelian Society, 8.—"An Indian Doctrine of Perception and Error," Dr. F. W. Thomas.

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- Tues. 7. Royal Institution, 3.—"London Life in the Time v. Addison," Sir James Frazer.

 Zoological Society, 5.30.—"The Distribution of Birdlife in the Urubamba Valley, Peru," Dr. F. M. Chapman; and four other Papers.

 Wed. 8. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), noon.—
 "Portugal and Nyasaland," Miss A. Werner.
 Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Relations of the Northern Red Sea and its Associated Gulf Areas to the 'Rift' Theory," Dr. W. Fraser Hume.

 Thurs. 9. Royal Institution, 3.—"Beethoven," Lecture II.,
- Thurs. 9. Royal oyal Institution, 3.-Sir A. C. Mackenzie.
 - or A. C. Mackenzie.

 yal Society, 4.30.—" Break-shock Reflexes and Supramaximal' Contraction-response of Mammaian Nerve-muscle to Single-shock Stimuli," Royal lian
 - Prof. C. S. Sherrington; and four other Papers.

 Ring's College, 5.30.—"The Outbreak of the Greek
 Revolution of 1921," Lecture IV., Dr. L. Œconomos.

 University College, 5.30.—"The Poets of the

 'Purgatorio,'" Mr. H. E. Goad.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.

 Fri. 10. Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Development of Bombay," Sir G. S. Curtis. Astronomical Society, 5.

 University College, 5.—"The History of Chemistry in the Nineteenth Century," Lecture III., Sir W.

 - the Nineteenth Century," Lecture III., Sir W. Tilden.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Czecho-Slovak Literature," Lecture I., Dr. F. Chudoba.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Shakespeare in Iceland," Dr. John Stefansson.
 University College, 5.30.—"London and its Records," Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
 Royal Institution, 9.—"Absolute Measurements of Sound," Dr. A. G. Webster.

The Meek's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

- BIBLIOGRAPHY.

 J.). A Guide to the Study of Occupations: a Bibliography. 9x8. 196 pp. Harvard Univ. Press
- Selected Critical Bibliography. Sac. 186 pp. Author (Milford), 10/6 n.

 Subject Index to Periodicals, 1917-19. G. Fine Arts and Archeology. 211 pp. 9/- n.—H. Music. 55 pp. 2/6 n. 12x9j. Library Assoc. and P. S. King & Son.

PHILOSOPHY.

- PHILOSOPHY.

 Lay (Wiifrid). Man's Unconscious Spirit: the Psycho-analysis of Spiritism. 7\frac{1}{2}\times\f

RELIGION.

Bahylonian Talmud. Tractate Berakot. Tr. by A. Cohen. 91x6.

- Foster (George Burman). Christianity in its Modern Expression. Ed. by Douglas Clyde Macintosh. 82x6. 307 pp., por. New York Macmillan Co., 14/- n. Isaacs (Wilfrid M.). The Second Epistic of Paul to the Corinthians: a Study in Translations and an Interpretation. 102x73. 35 pp. Millord, 7/6 n. Moran. Tr. by George Sale. Complete with Sale's Preliminary Discourse. Introd. by Sir Edward Denison Ross. 82x52. 608 pp., il. Warne, 10/6 n. McCabe (Rev. John). Matters of Moment. 72x5. 170 pp. Burns & Ostes, 6/- n.

- McCabe (Rev. John). Matters of Moment. 7½x5. 170 pp. Burns & Oates, 6/- n.

 Sociology, Economics, Politics.

 **Alliance Year-Book and Yemperance Reformers' Handbook, 1921. 6½x5½. 254 pp. United Kingdom Alliance, 2/- n.

 Anals de Finstitut d'Orientació Professional. Vol. I. No. 2. 10x74. 115 pp. Barcelona, Sant Honorat, 5.

 Barciay (H. G.). Political Organisation. 7½x42. 35 pp. Macclesfield, "Courier and Herald" Office, 1/- n.

 Betrayal of Labor. An Open Letter to the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes. By the Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." 7½x42. 52 pp. Mills & Boon. 1/- n.

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 Bibliothek der Mommunistischen Internationale. 9. Der Imperialismu als jüngste Etappe des Kapitalismus. By N. Lenin. 8½x5. 136 pp. 4 m.—15. Das A B C des Kommunismus. By N. Bucharin and E. Preobrascheneky. 8½x52. 387 pp. 5 m.—14, 15. Die Kommunistische Internationale. Vols. 11, III. 8x52. 336, 555 pp. 7 m. each. Hamburg. C. Hoym Nachf.

 Dickinson (Edwin De Witt). The Equality of States in International Law (Harvard Studies in Jurisprudence, 3). 9x6. 437 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Milford). 17/- n.

 Independent Labor Party. Report of the 29th Annual Conference. 8½x52. 160 pp. 1. L. P., 8-9, Johnson's Court, E.C. 4, 1/6 n.

 De Erven F. Bohn, 2 ft. 50.

 Klein (Julius). The Mesta: a Study in Spanish Economic History, 1273-1286 (Harvard Economic Studies, 21). 8½x62. 482 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 17/- n.

 Labor International Handbook. Ed. by R. Palme Dutt. 7½x5. 330 pp. Labor Publishing Co., 12/6 n.

 Lipson (E.). The History of the Woollen and Worsted Industries (Histories of English Industries). 8½x52. 233 pp., il. Black, 10/6 n.

 Rathenau (Walther). In Days to Come. Tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul. 8½x54. 286 pp. Allen & Unwin, 7/6 n.

 Smith-Gordon

- NATURAL SCIENCE.

 Cavendish (Henry). Scientific Papers. Vol. I. The Electrical Researches. Ed. by J. Clerk Maxwell; revised by Sir J. Larmor. —Vol. II. Chemical and Dynamical. Ed. by Sir E. Thorpe. 11x73. 480, 503 pp., il. Cambridge Univ. Press, 120/-n.

 Durell (C. V.) and Wright (R. M.). Elementary Algebra. Part II. (Cambridge Mathematical Series). 7x42, 635 pp. Bell, 5/6 n.

 Elles (Gertrude L.). The Study of Geological Maps (Cambridge Geological Series). 10x73. 74 pp., pl. Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/- n.
- 12/: n. mes (D. Caradog). A First Course in Statistics (Bell's Mathematical Series). 82x52. 296 pp. Bell, 15/: n.

- FINE ARTS.

 Acropolic Museum. Catalogue. Vol. II. Sculpture and Architectural Fragments. By Stanley Casson. With a Section upon fac Terracottas by Dorothy Brooke. 74x51. 469 pp., il. Cambridge Acropolis Museum: Cataly Casson. With a Section upon the Fragments. By Stanley Casson. With a Section upon the Terracottas by Dorothy Brooke. 72x52. 469 pp., il. Cambridge Univ. Press, 36/n.

 Hardie (Martin). The Etched Work of W. Lee-Hankey. R.E., from 1904 to 1920. 12x8. 115 pp., 187 il. Lefevre & Son, 84/n.

GAMES AND SPORTS. Blackmore (S. Powell). Lawn Tennis Up-to-Date. 9x5. 252 pp., 41. Methuen, 12 6 n.

- Aristotie. Works. Oxford Translation, ed. by W. D. Ross. Vol. X. Politics. By B. Jowett.—(Economics. By E. 8 Forster.—Atheniensium Respublica. By Sir F. G. Kenyon. 9x52. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 15/- n. History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation. Byx53. 210 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Miltord), 10/6 n.

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 Royce (Josiah). Fugitive Essays. Introd. by Dr. J. Loewenberg. 8yx54. 429 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 17/- n.

 5. P. E. Tract V. The Englishing of French Words. By Brander Matthews.—The Dialectal Words in Blunden's Poems. By Robert Bridges. 9x53. 32 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/6 n.

 Writer's Art, The. By those who have practised it. Ed. by Rollo Walter Brown. 8x53. 367 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 10/6 n.
- FICTION. *Blackwood (Algarnon) and Wilson (Wilfred). The Wolves of God; and other Fey Stories. 72x5. 328 pp. Cassell, 8/6 n.

 Brocchi (Virgilio). Il Posto nel Mondo. 8x5\(\frac{1}{2}\). 524 pp. Rome,

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 8/6 n.

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 7½x5. 287 pp. Hurst & Blackett, 8/6 n.

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